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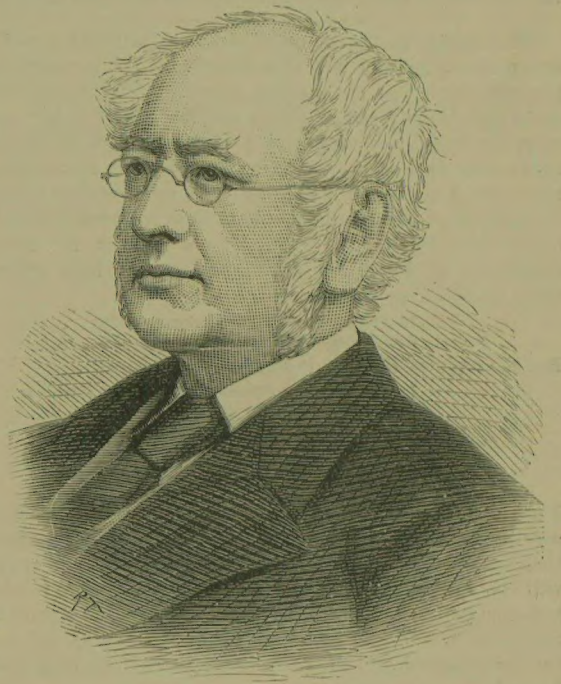
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GENERAL SAN MANZARO,
COMMANDING THE ITALIAN ARMY IN ABYSSINIA.



MISS EBBA MUNCK,
ENGAGED TO PRINCE OSCAR OF SWEDEN.



THE LATE SIR ROBERT MONTGOMERY, K.C.B., G.C.S.I.,
MEMBER OF THE COUNCIL OF INDIA.



ARMIES OF THE CONTINENT: AUSTRIAN UHLANS PATROLLING IN A SNOW-STORM.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The testimony of our stage-players as recorded in the "Anatomy of Acting" in *Longman's Magazine* continues to be interesting. That the evidence with respect to stage-laughter (though we must remember that the witnesses are not upon oath) should, on the whole, be "rather in favour of reality" than otherwise, surprises me. The screen-scene in Sheridan's play is, of course, as good an example as could have been selected for eliciting such a reply; but, on the other hand, it is most frequently played, and the best of "good things" are apt to pall upon repetition. One of the most charming of talkers, as well as of writers, has well remarked that the idea that a man should not laugh at his own joke—though not till the proper time, of course, and till the point has been arrived at—is a false one. Not to do so, he says, either implies that the joke though good enough for you is not good enough for him, or suggests that he has told it so often that it has ceased to move him to mirth. This is a most judicious observation and ought to put a stop to that gravity of manner during narration which is supposed to indicate what is called "dry humour," but is generally a mere affectation. In reading a pathetic scene, though for the twentieth time, the tears are brought to our eyes; but surely this is not the case with a humorous one, though we may still enjoy it?

The replies to the question, whether personal experience affects mimic emotion, are also unexpected. One would have thought there was no question about it. Yet many actors write that their personal griefs are too sacred to be "used" upon the stage: a compliment to their feelings which seems to me to be paid at the expense of their art. In writing, at all events, I can conceive nothing more unnatural or contrary to experience. Of course, there have been feeble and malicious critics who have found fault with authors for making capital out of their domestic calamities, or have attacked them for their morbid sensibility—

This fellow would make weakness weak
And melt the waxen hearts of men.

But the reply of the poet is conclusive—

I only sing because I must.
And pipe but as the linnet sings.
And unto one his note is gay,
And now her little ones have ranged,
And unto one her note is changed,
Because her brood is stol'n away.

I am far from saying that the private sorrows of an author may be gathered from what he may write at any particular time; I have known some men who, in periods of great grief, will (perhaps as a relief from their depression) write brightly, and even gaily; but at some time or another it is certain that that grief will make itself manifest in their works, and touch the reader more deeply than any mere effort of their imagination has ever done.

The "soldier's funeral" accorded to the remains of Mrs. Fox, the other day, is, I believe, without a parallel. "She was dangerously wounded in action in the Transvaal, and remained for four months a prisoner in the Boers' camp, where, despite her own serious injuries, she nobly devoted herself to alleviating the sufferings of her wounded fellow-prisoners under circumstances of exceptional hardship." A noble epitaph for the grave of a soldier's wife, indeed. It is the mixture of tenderness with heroism that will always keep this woman's memory sweet among us. Many of her sex have displayed an equal intrepidity, but also with a love of conflict for its own sake, which somewhat jars. The Vendean heroine, Jeanne Robin, was pious and respectable, but too combative. Having obtained one of the coarse cotton garments given to the poorest of the soldiery, she took the sacrament, we are told, and, hastening to the camp on the eve of battle, sought out the Royalist commander. "General," she said, "I am a woman; your wife knows it, and also that my character is good. Let me have but a pair of shoes, and to-morrow you will be pleased with your recruit." She stuck to him (a little to his inconvenience) throughout the fight. "You see," she cried, "I am nearer to the Blues (the Republicans) than you are" (which was surely not a pretty thing to say). She was wounded in the hand, and showed it to him, with the remark, "That's nothing." Then, rushing into the thickest of the fight, she perished. It is not recorded whether she was married or not; but there seems to have been a want of domesticity in her character, which, after all is said (on platforms), is a most excellent thing in woman.

Tailors, even in Paris, do not lead male society to the extent that dressmakers lead the ladies; but they are powerful, and it is understood that with the assistance of certain gentlemen of fashion, who are deeply in their books, they are about to effect a reform in evening dress. Instead of that waiters' costume we now all wear, and which leads to such painful misapprehensions ("I tell ye, ye are the butler, ye big man. Go get me some more champagne," &c.) we are henceforth to wear coloured velvet and lace. I don't care about the lace, which will hitch in things, but I welcome the velvet. Next to taking off one's hat at funerals, I am persuaded that nothing gives one cold so much as the habit of exchanging one's winter morning clothes for the superfine cloth of the evening. Of course, there are mitigations, to which delicacy forbids me to further allude; but even when you have got them all on you are not so warm as you were. I even know some agreeable persons, but of delicate constitutions, who resolutely decline to wear evening clothes in winter, and thereby deprive the ladies of their delightful society altogether; but in peach-coloured velvet one would be able to go anywhere. On the other hand, the practice of walking home on fine nights will have to be discontinued; however much we may rejoice in our costly attire, it would be a degrading end indeed to be murdered for one's clothes.

The views expressed at the late meeting of the American Copyright League at Boston seem, on the whole, to have been

just and reasonable; but as it was an open one, there were some curious examples of individual opinion. The once popular statement that "Literature should be as free as the air we breathe" was not made use of, the apt but obvious rejoinder that air in that case would be all the author would have to live upon, having, I suppose, extinguished it; but there were some equally fine things said by those in favour of the system which the wise do call "convey"; among others, this one: that international copyright be granted to a British author only upon condition that his work should be first published in the United States! At first sight one imagines that the inventor of this amazing proposition was really moved to conceive it from the reason given—namely, the superior greatness of his native land, which demands "that the newest and freshest books should be published first in it." Unhappily, however, priority of publication is what confers copyright in England (and therefore permits every American author to enjoy it both here and in his own country), so that what this generous individual proposed for the benefit of the British author was the loss of his rights at home. The severity of the climate on the other side of the Atlantic has been exceptional this year, but the moral thermometer has certainly never registered a degree of coolness equal to this.

It is stated that a country doctor has just saved the life of a female patient who was sinking from exhaustion by the transfusion into her system of his own blood. There are those, no doubt, who will ascribe this victory to Homeopathy, but the good doctor was certainly an Allopath in practice, since he gave her no less than four ounces of the restorative in question. There can be no question of fee—or, as one might not unaptly term it, blood money—in the matter, since the woman was the wife of a farm labourer. How small look all we good Samaritans—with our mere twopences—compared with such noble generosity as this! The experiment of transfusion was first tried, according to Buffon, in the middle of the seventeenth century, when the blood of a sheep was injected into the veins of an idiot, with the effect of sharpening his wits; on the second application of the remedy, however, "he died lethargic." In 1665, Messrs. Lower and King performed a similar operation upon "a literary gentleman," who had offered himself voluntarily for treatment, at first "with a satisfactory result"—(we are not told what it was, whether it multiplied his ideas or only improved his style); but in this case, too, a second experiment "proved disastrous." It seems strange that these scientific individuals should have gone to the sheep, of all animals, for the improvement of the human intelligence. One would have thought a bagged fox would have suited them better. In the case of the idiot, their choice was pardonable—they didn't want to go too far, perhaps, in the direction of sagacity; but it was surely a very poor compliment to the literary gentleman.

If there is one profession above another that is justly entitled to the epithet "liberal," it is the medical calling. There is, indeed, none to be compared with it for consideration and generosity; and if, as some say, it makes its rich patients pay for its poor ones, I honour it all the more. When "the accounts" in the Book of the Recording Angel come to be balanced, it is my belief that those of the medical practitioner will, in most cases, be found entered in letters of gold, but which have nothing to do with guinea fees. Whenever I see a doctor's bill "disputed" I am always for the doctor. Of course there are exceptions. A case tried before Mr. Justice Stephen the other day did not, however, in the Jury's opinion, come under that category; but it had the effect (which the doctor could never have professionally foreseen) of putting the Court "into convulsions." The patient was being "treated"—though not in the sense of a gratuitous entertainment—in the doctor's own house. He charged for "visits" which necessarily did not entail long journeys. "When you had nothing to do," said the merciless counsel opposed to him, "I suppose you walked up-stairs and earned half a guinea—you seem to have been in and out like a rabbit—you did not charge, I conclude, for mileage? I see sometimes you charged two guineas—what was that for?" To which the doctor (most reasonably, in my opinion) replied, "Because I was called out of my bed." If anyone called me out of my bed, I should want a great deal more than that. A book of charges authorised by "The Medical Association" was put in Court; and the Judge most frankly observed upon it, "Just imagine anyone publishing a book of authorised charges of our profession!" I have some imagination, myself, but I can't imagine it.

There is a pretty story about a medical overcharge which I am glad, for the plaintiff's sake, that wicked advocate did not quote. The Rector of a small country parish had the misfortune to break his leg; it was a case that the village surgeon would have managed easily, but the Rector's wife was nervous, and telegraphed for Sir Parker Peps from town at once. He came, he saw—though, of course, he did not saw the leg—he set it. The lady's brother, who undertook to make the pecuniary arrangements, inquired what was the amount of the fee. "A hundred guineas," replied Sir Parker, airily. "Good Heavens, my brother-in-law's living is only £150 a year! Could you not make some deduction?" "Hum: ha! The circumstances being such as you describe, let us say pounds instead of guineas."

An appeal from the decision of the Benchers of the Inner Temple for refusing to "call" a law student was heard the other day in the Lord Justice of England's private room, at the Royal Courts of Justice, before Lord Coleridge, the Master of the Rolls, Baron Huddersfield, and Justices Denman, Hawkins, Manisty, Wills, and Stirling. The Benchers were represented by Mr. Gully, Q.C., and Mr. Graham; the appellant conducted his own case. Never, I suppose, had any young aspirant for legal honours such an audience for his first essay!

I know nothing of the facts of the case, but even for having had the pluck to undertake it, this legal fledgling surely deserved to win it. What courage!—or, as his enemies, doubtless, called it, what cheek!—and, indeed, a man of "retiring disposition" would have probably retired without a struggle. There is an old story of a medical student being examined before "the Board" as to the means to be employed to provoke perspiration in a patient who remained obstinately cool. He proposed all sorts of applications and prescriptions, to each of which one or other of his persecutors replied, "Well, and if that would not do, young man?" At last, in desperation, the poor fellow exclaimed, "Well, if everything else failed, I should bring him up for examination for a certificate before this honourable Board, when I am quite sure he would perspire as freely as could be desired." And what is a Medical Board compared to the weight of professional talent that "sat" upon this poor law student and—one is sorry, but scarcely surprised to read—squashed him!

THE LATE SIR ROBERT MONTGOMERY,
K.C.B., G.C.S.I.

This eminent member of the Indian Civil Service, one of the Council of the Secretary of State for India, died on Dec. 28, at the age of seventy-eight. He was, like the Lawrences and several other great men in the past generation of Indian governing officials, a native of Ulster, being the son of a country clergyman at Moville, in Donegal. He entered the Bengal Civil Service of the East India Company in 1828; and, on the annexation of the Punjab, became Commissioner of Lahore; afterwards, one of the Board of Administration for the Punjab, with Henry and John Lawrence, and Judicial Commissioner. During the Sepoy Mutiny War of 1857, in the absence of Sir John Lawrence, he performed the great and perilous service of disarming the large force of native troops at Meeran Meer, enabling Lawrence to send the Sikhs to the siege of Delhi, by which, in all probability, the Indian Empire was saved. He was selected by Lord Canning to succeed Sir James Outram as Chief Commissioner of Oude; and was principally instrumental in effecting the pacification of that province. The rapid and complete success of his administration led to his appointment as Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab in succession to Sir John Lawrence; he continued to hold that office until his return to England in 1865. One of the districts of the Punjab is named after him, and a memorial-hall at Lahore, erected by the voluntary contributions of all classes, attests his wide popularity. He had gained in an equal degree the confidence of the Government and of its subjects.

MISS EBBA MUNCK.

The betrothal of Prince Oscar, second son of the King of Sweden and Norway, to a young lady not of high rank or fortune, but personally charming and estimable, has excited much interest. Miss Ebba Munck is of gentle birth, her family belonging to the lower order of Swedish nobility, and was holding an appointment at Court as lady of the chamber in waiting on the Crown Princess of Sweden, in October, 1885, when her Royal Highness made a tour in Germany after being present at Karlsruhe at the wedding of her brother, the Archduke of Baden. The Crown Princess, attended by Miss Ebba Munck, then visited Amsterdam to seek medical advice of Dr. Metzger, and was there met by her brother-in-law, Prince Oscar, a naval officer on board the Royal frigate Vanadis, just returned from a voyage round the world. He at once became attached to Miss Ebba Munck; but the King and Queen did not at first approve of such an engagement. She resigned her place at the Court, but received a special mark of their Majesties' regard for her character, being appointed to manage the distribution of the Royal charities to the poor. In the city of Stockholm, among the sick and the destitute, her constant visitations for the relief of misery in their humble dwellings are gratefully remembered; and during several months she performed the services of one of the lady nurses at the "Home for the Sick" established by the Queen, in place of a lady who had become an invalid from overwork. Prince Oscar, a young man of strong religious and benevolent feelings, himself accustomed to visit the poor in their distress, entirely sympathised with Miss Ebba Munck in this charitable mission. It was interrupted by a painful and dangerous illness, which nearly brought her to the grave, but which was cured by a surgical operation, followed by a long retirement in the Castle of Ulriksdal. The Queen had, by this time, learnt to appreciate her virtues, which are, we are told, accompanied by a pleasant, lively, and even playful humour, making her a most agreeable companion. The firm constancy of Prince Oscar was at length rewarded by the consent of his Royal parents to his choice; and early this year, in the Queen's presence, at Ulriksdal, the mutual vows of the young couple were formally exchanged, and the King then agreed to forego his former objections on grounds of dynastic policy. The engagement has been known in Sweden during two or three weeks past, but was celebrated at Court only a few days ago, immediately before the departure of the Queen, who intended staying at Bournemouth.

THE ITALIANS IN ABYSSINIA.

A Portrait of General San Manzano, the newly appointed commander of the Italian army in Abyssinia, is herewith presented. Our British military expedition to Abyssinia, under Sir Robert Napier, who won the title of Lord Napier of Magdala, capturing that fortress in April, 1869, has not been forgotten; nor the tragic suicide of the mad and cruel "Negooosh," called King Theodore. Assab Bay, on the Red Sea coast, was then taken under an Italian Protectorate, and in 1881 was annexed to the dominions of the Kingdom of Italy. The loss of the Soudan to Egypt allowed King John of Abyssinia, formerly Prince Kassai of Tigré, an ally of the British expedition, to occupy the adjacent province of Bogos, around the river Atbara, an eastern tributary of the Nile. The Italian Government, desirous of founding a colony in East Africa, took possession of Massowah in February, 1885, when it had been given up by Egypt; but King John claimed it as the port of the northern provinces of his empire. Hence the present war, in which the Italian troops have experienced some disasters. In January, 1887, an Italian detachment of 450 men was attacked by 20,000 Abyssinians, under Ras Alula, and was entirely destroyed, few escaping the slaughter. An attempt by the English Government to mediate between the hostile Powers seems to have failed; the Commissioners, Mr. Portal and Major Beech, in December last, found the King of Abyssinia, and presented a letter to him from Queen Victoria, but were unable to persuade him to accept terms of peace. Large military reinforcements have been sent out from Italy, and the campaign is about to begin. The head-quarters of Ras Alula are fixed at Asmara, not a great distance inland from the sea-port of Massowah, which is situated immediately to the north of Annesley Bay, the landing-place in 1869 of Sir Robert Napier's expedition.

ARMIES OF THE CONTINENT.

The organisation, uniform, and equipment of the Russian Infantry and Cavalry, including the Cossacks, were fully and precisely described in an article which we published last week. The Sketches, by two of our correspondents on the frontier between the Austrian province of Galicia and Russian Poland, which are now engraved, are actual illustrations of the present attitude and practices of those enormous forces, chiefly mounted infantry and dragoons, collected by the Czar on the border of the neighbouring Empire, to which attention was directed a month ago, when we quoted Sir Charles Dilke's remarks on the situation of Galicia, exposed to an overwhelming sudden inroad from the north. Looking across the river Vistula from the Austrian bank, officers of the Russian General Staff, distinguished by their white fur cap and red pouch, are frequently seen, attended by Cossacks of the frontier guard, with telescopes, spying the opposite country. The Russians have also erected numerous wooden platforms, from 24 ft. to 30 ft. high, in clearings of the woods, to use as observatories from which they can watch everything on the Austrian side. Underneath these platforms are excavated spacious chambers, to serve either as stables for their horses, or to shelter the soldiers. The excuse they offer is that these stations are only intended to prevent smuggling, but the Austrians consider them as designed for military spies, and of a hostile character, seeing that they command a wide outlook into the Austrian territory. Along the river, on every considerable eminence, and commanding the fords, Russian redoubts are constructed, this work having been commenced last summer. The Don Cossacks use their long lances in the transport of forage, two of them riding side by side, as shown in one of these Sketches, with the hay supported on the lances between them. The new uniform of the Russian infantry, described in our last, is represented in another Sketch; it is dark green, with a grey cloak, the ends of which when rolled up in tent canvas and laid over the shoulder are tucked into the cooking-pot; they have a cap of some dark fur, with a flat red top; instead of the knapsack they wear pouches of white leather, and white cartridge-boxes. Infantry so attired were seen at the camp of Krasnoe Selo last year.

We also present an illustration of some of the Austrian Uhlands on patrol duty in a snow-storm. The statistics and organisation of the whole Austro-Hungarian Army were recently detailed in this journal. It may here be mentioned that the cavalry consists of fourteen regiments of Dragoons, sixteen of Hussars, and eleven of Uhlands. These form nineteen cavalry brigades of two regiments each, and one of three regiments. Each regiment is made up of a regimental staff, two divisional staffs, six field squadrons, and one dépôt cadre. The last, in case of mobilisation, forms a reserve squadron. Each regiment has also a detachment of pioneers, and, in addition, five men of each squadron carry a spade, pickaxe, or axe. The war effective of a field squadron is 171 men and officers, with 161 horses, and the total effective of the forty-one regiments and their staffs is 63,919 men and officers, with 64,575 horses and 1312 carriages. The troopers are armed with swords and Werndl carbine, the supply of cartridges being fifty per man. Officers, as in all other branches, carry revolvers.

"THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER."

Our Coloured Picture, given for the Extra Supplement this week, is copied from a painting by Mr. E. K. Johnson, of the Royal Water-Colour Society, illustrating one of the most pleasing of the old popular ballads, "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington." Here she stands, at the gate of her father's house, with half-averted face, listening to the tender speech of the sentimental young gentleman mounted on his grey mare, to whom she has handed a glass of very good ale, and who would fain make her a serious offer of his heart and hand. Two centuries ago, judging from the costumes, would be the date of this simple love-story, which lives in the minds of those who have heard it sung to the very pretty music, and which still affords a delightful subject to the artist.

HOT DINNER FOR THE AGED POOR.

On Friday, Jan. 27, at half-past six in the evening, the large hall of the Edinburgh Castle, in Rhodeswell-road, Burdett-road, Stepney, one of the charitable institutions maintained by the committee for the management of Dr. T. J. Barnardo's "Homes," was filled with a company of twelve hundred guests. These were poor and aged folk, men and women, collected from various lodging-houses, casual wards of the union work-houses, and night refuges, in different parts of London. They were regaled with roast beef, potatoes, pudding, and a cup of tea, at the cost of the committee and of benevolent subscribers. The hospitable repast was followed by the singing of hymns, and by short addresses of an encouraging and sympathising character. Our illustration of this remarkable scene will be satisfactory to many who feel for the wants of the poor in the winter season. Dr. Barnardo, the founder and director of several good works at the East-End, has offices at 18 and 26, Stepney-causeway, where contributions in aid of them are gladly received.

Mr. Henry Waldemar Lawrence, barrister-at-law, of Lincoln's Inn, has been elected sub-treasurer of the Inner Temple, in succession to Mr. Hall-Dare, who resigned the office in consequence of ill-health.

At the request of the Bishop of Lichfield, the Queen has sanctioned the appointment of a Suffragan Bishop for that diocese. The Ven. Sir Lovelace Stamer, Archdeacon of Stoke, has been selected for this office, and will bear the title of Bishop of Shrewsbury.

The eclipse of the moon on Saturday night, Jan. 27, was interfered with by clouds. Every phase of the obscuration was seen at times in London and the suburbs; but the special observations desired by the astronomers, of occulted stars, and the photographic and spectroscopic examinations which were to have been made, were not successful.

An association was started in 1884 for promoting a teaching university in London, and up to the present time about 250 members have been enrolled, each of whom was specially invited to join on the ground of eminence or experience in matters affecting university teaching in London, or of being actively engaged in educational or administrative work in one of the institutions in which such teaching is given. The views of such a body are entitled to great respect, and doubtless the petition which they have just presented to her Majesty, praying for a charter for a teaching university for the metropolis, will receive due consideration. The petitioners have held conferences with representative London teachers of university rank in the faculties of arts, science, and medicine, which have resulted in a substantial agreement with the objects and the proposals of the association. The councils of University College and King's College, London, have adopted resolutions expressing approval of the objects which the association has in view, and have determined to petition her Majesty in their favour.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

The shop-window display of the West-End of London—that gratuitous, expensive, tantalising, delightful, exhausting, and stimulating exhibition of all that art can design and fancy desire—is at present at its lowest ebb of staleness and dullness. We have reached the last week or so of the winter sales. During the first fortnight of "selling-off" there are some pretty and useful things to be seen in the windows. But as the stock gets exhausted, and the stream of bargain-hunters who really have plenty of money to spend ceases to flow with its first vehemence, the older and more worthless goods come forth to tempt the buyers who are in truth impecunious. Then is the time for poor folk to get dresses for next summer out of last summer's left-over stock; for the simple-minded, content to follow fashion afar off, to buy winter bonnets that they will not be able to wear more than a few weeks ere spring arrives, with its bright sunshine and warm air, when the heavy head-gear must be put away for next winter; and for the thrifty to secure cheaply warm mantles of good material but almost obsolete style. All this stuff on show makes the windows dingy and dull to a degree, though the opportunity is invaluable to the conscientious practitioner of that painful virtue, economy—that virtue which receives lip-service from thousands who shirk the severe observance of it in daily practice!

Ball and reception dresses alone show any new features of interest at present. In the country, the party-giving season is in full swing; and in town there is a good deal of society going on, though it is considered proper at this demi-saison to affect a certain quietness; for instance, to keep the parties small in number, and not to have lavish decorations for the rooms. Dresses, however, are little less elaborate for parties at this time of year than in the full season. Married ladies' dresses for receptions are being almost invariably made with trains; but, if the matron still dances, she discards the train on going to a ball. The present style of making is admirably adapted to allow of one evening gown being worn under both conditions. The backs of the short skirts are arranged with but little drapery; they are bouffant because of the fullness in the width; but the very slightest catching-up of the length just below the waist suffices for the actual draping. Trains are not caught up at all, but are put on to the band at the waist in large, upstanding pleats, from which the material sweeps gracefully down in untrammelled folds. Thus it is easy to have a loose train, put on to a separate waistbelt, which can be worn, when wished, above the ordinary short back of the skirt without causing perceptible damage to the latter. In this way, one evening gown answers for both classes of entertainment.

A few hints may be usefully given about the construction of trains; for the day has not yet come which is foreseen by a distinguished American authoress (Mrs. Moulton) when, "by companionship with beautiful thoughts," women will be artistically and appropriately "clothed almost as unconsciously as the lilies of the field." At present, to be well dressed implies considerable conscious thought and no small technical information, as well as artistic ability; all which must be paid for in a high-class and extravagantly costly modiste, unless one can supply it from one's own mind to a humbler artist of the needle. Useful information is that trains which are to be worn separate from the under-skirt must always be lined entirely, or at least, round the bottom and edges deeply, with satin or silk, and interlined with stiff muslin. Unless the material for the train is a very thick and substantial one—such as a rich brocade—an edging of cotton wool should be put all round the border of the train which lies on the ground. This padding edge should be about four inches wide, and should be composed of two thicknesses of a sheet of wadding. It should, of course, be interposed between the train and the outside lining, to the edge of which latter it should be tacked before the lining and the material are run together. Then the train must be provided with at least one, and preferably two, safety-hooks on each side to fasten it down to the skirt; for nothing more absurd could be conceived than a train worn, as I saw it done by a country Mayoress at the recent Mansion House ball, falling far away direct from the waist, as though it had no concern at all with the skirt. The corresponding eyes must be set on down the side-seams of the under-skirt; they can be effectually concealed by only allowing as much of them to protrude as is absolutely necessary for the hook to catch in, and by button-holing this piece over closely with silk of precisely the shade of the stuff on which it is to rest. This precaution is to guard against the eyes being perceived when the dress is worn without the train, as the hooks are put far enough under the edge to entirely conceal the fastenings when the train is used.

The train may be of a different material from the bodice and from most of the skirt, but it is absolutely essential that there should be some repetition of the stuff of the train in the bodice or on the bodice. The employment of two materials is in full fashion still. Indeed, I have lately seen some specially good evening gowns in which three stuffs were used—as, for instance, a ruby watered-velvet train, a somewhat brighter red peau-de-soie low bodice and petticoat, a strip of the velvet appearing between the folds at the front of the silk, and a berthe and drapery on the left side of the skirt of red tulle worked with a multitude of tiny ruby beads; or, for another example, a self-coloured lemon brocade petticoat, draped from left hip to right hem with a Brussels lace flounce, so old that its own tint was a delicate yellow rather than aggressive white; the bodice and the sides of the train being of Chartreuse green velvet, which is so pale as to approach to yellow, and a centre breadth of the train in the lemon-coloured brocade, the junction softened with a waterfall of lace. This dress had the under-skirt complete in itself, with a short back of the brocade, faced with velvet to make it match the bodice, so that it could be worn without the train.

For girls' party dresses, tulle remains the favourite material. Fancy tulles, especially those striped with silver, are much in vogue. A fashionable style of trimming this airy and delicate material is with single petals of some flower scattered all over the fabric, for all the world as though a posy of tulips, roses, lilies, poppies, passion-flowers, or what not, had been picked to pieces above the gown. A panel formed apparently of the heads of flowers plucked from their stems is also effective. Some ornament is usually worn on one or both shoulders with a low bodice. For instance, if flowers are placed on the skirt, a bunch or a trail of similar blossoms is seen on the sleeve. If the skirt is not so trimmed, the epaulette will match the aigrette on the head; it may be a little feather and an airy bow of ribbon, or a mother-of-pearl butterfly, or a cluster of leaves. Something is generally worn on the head, even by quite young girls, and still more universally by married ladies. For the former, the point aimed at is to have as light and airy an appearance as possible; while the matrons wear as many diamonds as convenient, carved tortoiseshell combs, &c. Osprey, quite out of fashion as bonnet trimming, is much employed, with a bow of ribbon or a few leaves or flowers, for an evening head-dress. Fans appear to be used somewhat smaller than they recently were, excepting the large ostrich feather "lyre" fans, which are immense.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

MUSIC.

The Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall on Saturday afternoon, Jan. 28, and the following Monday evening, included the continuance of Madame Norman-Néruda's co-operation as leading violinist, and re-appearances of Miss Fanny Davies as solo pianist. On the earlier occasion the first-named lady led Mozart's string quintet in C major, and was associated with Signor Piatti in Beethoven's second pianoforte trio, in which Miss Fanny Davies was the pianist. This excellent young English artist also played several numbers of Schumann's "Davidsbundler" with refined taste and execution. A specialty of Saturday's concert was the first introduction, by Signor Piatti, of four movements—a "Cantabile," "Vivace," "Adagio," and "Minuetto"—from some lessons for the viola d'amore, composed by Ariosti, an Italian master who was contemporary with Handel. The pieces have been adapted for violoncello, with pianoforte accompaniment, by Signor Piatti, whose fine quality of tone and finished execution gave all possible effect to music that possesses much antique grace, although not distinguished by any marked individuality of character. Songs by Handel, Haydn, and Sterndale Bennett—gracefully rendered by Mrs. Hutchinson—completed Saturday's programme. On the following Monday evening a very fine performance of Mendelssohn's string quintet in B flat was given, led by Madame Norman-Néruda in association with Messrs. L. Ries, Hollander, and Gibson, and Signor Piatti. The solos set down for Miss F. Davies were a pianoforte fugue by Bach, and a "Rhapsodie" by Brahms, which were admirably rendered; another fine solo performance having been that of Signor Piatti in his ballad for violoncello, entitled "Ossian's Song"; the pianist and violoncellist having been associated in Beethoven's sonata in A, Op. 69. The vocal music consisted of songs by Schubert, Godard, and Paladilhe, gracefully sung by Miss L. Lehmann.

M. Gustav Pradeau's Schumann recitals at Prince's Hall have already been referred to by us. The programme of the third of his four recitals comprised the "Etudes Symphoniques," the "Humoreske," and some of the "Novelletten" and smaller pieces.

The programme of Mr. John Boosey's London Ballad Concert at St. James's Hall (an afternoon performance) was of the usual varied and attractive nature. Vocal pieces rendered by several of our most eminent solo singers, part-singing by the London Ballad Concert choir directed by Mr. Josiah Booth, and pianoforte solo performances by M. De Pachmann were strong features of interest.

Mr. Henschel's London Symphony Concerts at St. James's Hall are progressing towards the end of their second season, eleven of the sixteen performances having now taken place. At the latest (on Feb. 2) a new scena, "The Defence of Earl Godwin," from an opera by Mr. George Marshall-Hall entitled "Harold," was included in the programme. Of this, and of other features of the concert, we must speak next week.

Of Miss Fanny Davies's pianoforte recital we must also speak next week. Her programme included Beethoven's "Waldstein" sonata, Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques," and shorter pieces by Brahms, Mendelssohn, and Rubinstein; with songs assigned to Fräulein Hedwig Sica.

This (Saturday) afternoon, Feb. 4, the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society will perform Mendelssohn's "Elijah," conducted by Mr. Barnby. Mesdames Nordica and Bell Cole, Mr. E. Lloyd and Mr. Henschel are announced as solo vocalists. This will be the sixth concert of the seventeenth season, leaving four more performances in completion thereof.

Madame De Pachmann—wife of the eminent Russian pianist, and herself a brilliant performer—announces a recital of pianoforte music to take place at Prince's Hall on Monday afternoon, Feb. 6. On the following evening the twelfth of Mr. Henschel's London Symphony Concerts will be given at St. James's Hall, and the first of a new series of Grosvenor Gallery Chamber Concerts, under the direction of Mr. Charles Wade, the Kensington Popular Concerts being resumed at the same time; and Mr. and Mrs. Henschel's second vocal recital, at Prince's Hall, is announced for the next evening. Miss Esther Barnett will give a pianoforte recital on Wednesday afternoon, Feb. 8.

A concert of vocal and instrumental music was given at Prince's Hall on Jan. 30, for the benefit of the Soldiers' Daughters' Home at Hampstead.

Mr. A. R. Gaul's cantata, "Joan of Arc," was performed by the Choral Society of the Bow and Bromley Institute (conducted by Mr. McNaught) on Monday evening, Jan. 30, and very favourably received. The work had already been given in more than one provincial locality. Should it be repeated in the metropolis, we may be enabled to draw further attention to it.

Lord Wolseley, president of the North London Rifle Club will take the chair at the annual dinner on Feb. 28.

At a meeting of representatives of lawn-tennis clubs, it has been decided to form a National Lawn-Tennis Association.

It was Hospital Sunday in Sheffield on Jan. 29, and the collection exceeded £2000.

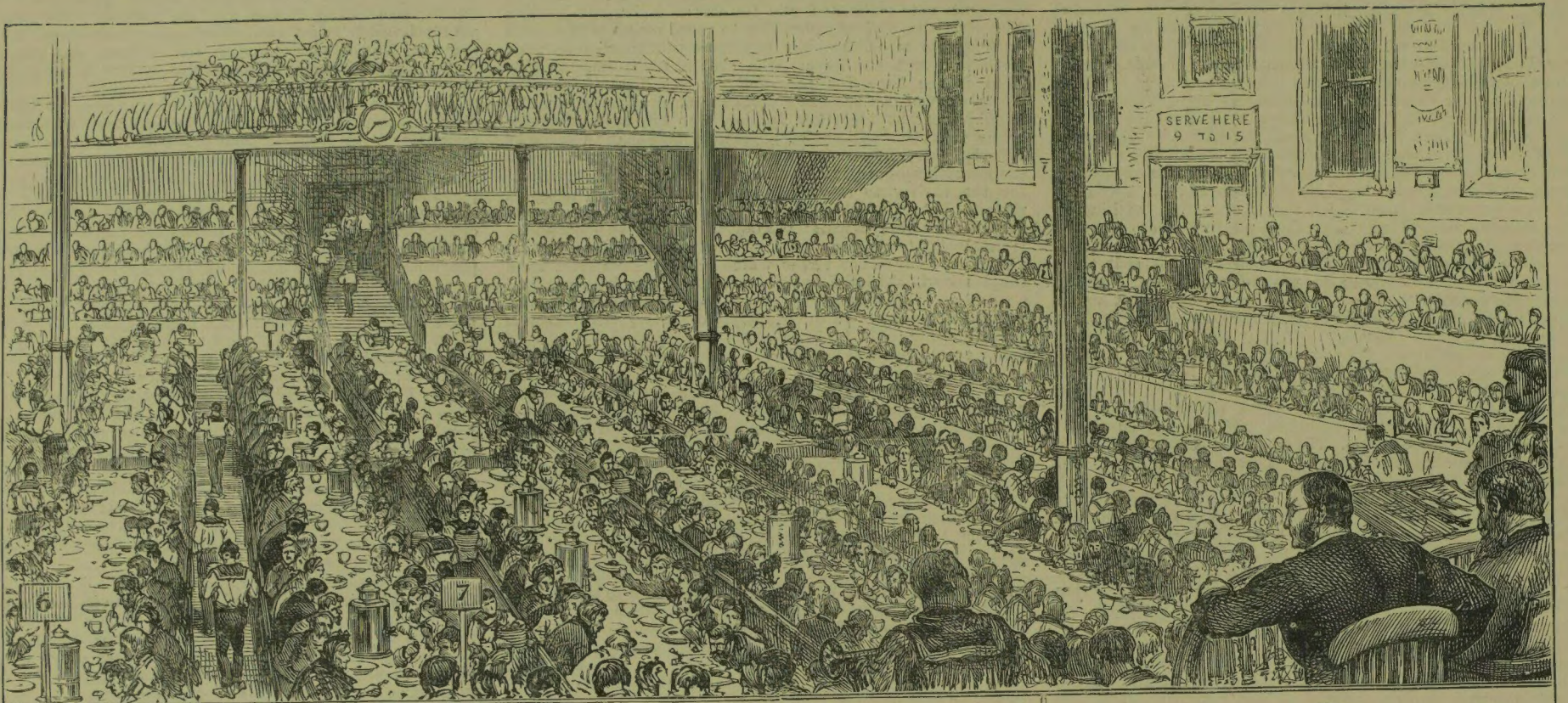
A handsome stained-glass window, with figures of Faith, Hope, and Charity, has been placed in Lewisham parish church in memory of the late Hon. and Rev. H. Legge, D.C.L. The work was designed and executed by Messrs. Warrington and Co., of Fitzroy-square.

The Treasury have approved of £250,000 being spent out of the Naval Vote for the subventions to various shipping companies to secure their vessels to the Admiralty if wanted. The Cunard, White Star, and Peninsular and Oriental companies receive between them about £210,000 for eight vessels, including the cost of fitting gun-platforms, &c.

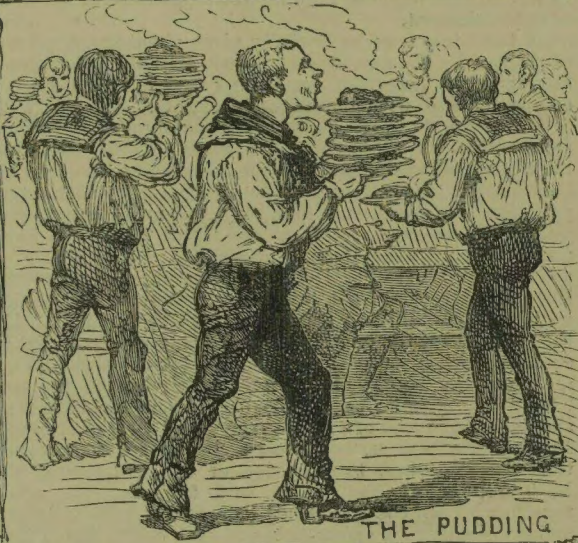
Mr. Raikes, in reply to a deputation which waited on him on Jan. 27 at Wolverhampton on the subject of postal charges, said that no proposal which struck at the penny post could be entertained. He added that he hoped that before long telephones would be placed on the same footing as telegraphs, and be controlled altogether by the Government.

At a meeting of the Armada Tercentenary Celebration Committee at Plymouth on Jan. 27, it was resolved that a column be erected on the Hoe, to be called "The Armada Memorial." The Mayor, who presided, hoped the base would be ornamented with some Armada scenes in bas-relief, and the names of the Elizabethan heroes inscribed on the column itself. It was on July 19 the Armada was sighted off Plymouth, and the date is suggested for the celebration.

Under the immediate patronage of Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck, who has signified her intention of being present, a matinee of "A Scrap of Paper" will be given at Cromwell House on Saturday afternoon, Feb. 11, by permission of Lady Freake. The proceeds will be handed to the St. Katherine's Home, Fulham, which is urgently in need of funds. Tickets, price half a guinea, may be obtained from the Dowager Lady Freake, 11, Cranley-gardens, S.W.; Mrs. Reginald W. Craigie, 7, Porchester-terrace, W.; and Mr. Harding, 45, Piccadilly.



BRINGING IN THE BEEF



THE PUDDING



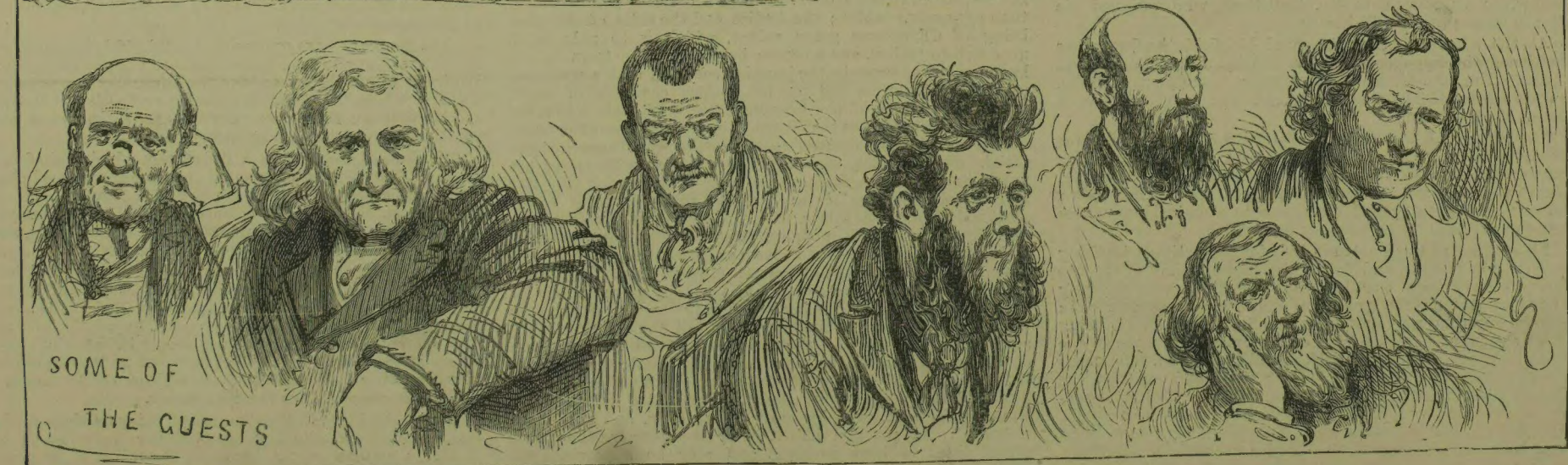
THE TEA



ENTERTAINMENT BY THE PIPERS



SONGS BY LADY FRIENDS



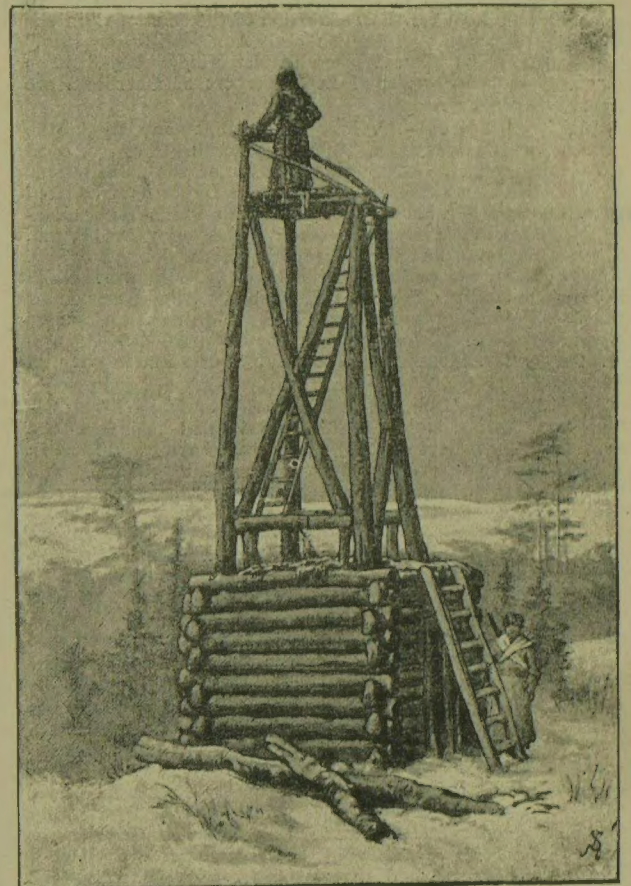
SOME OF
THE GUESTS



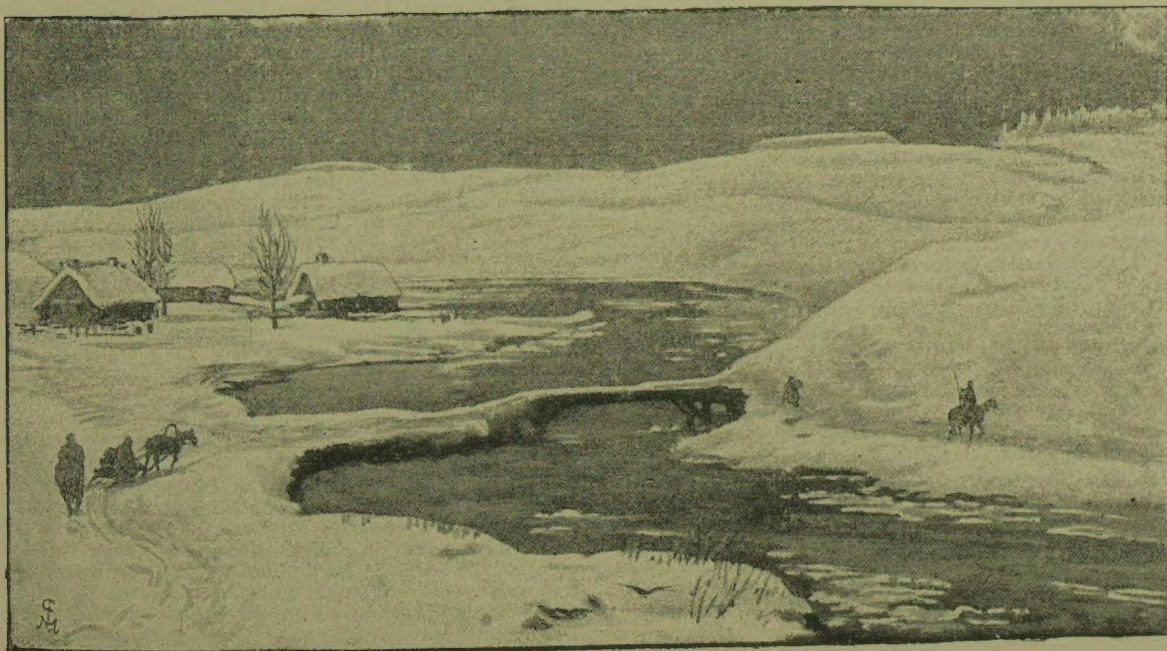
RUSSIAN STAFF OFFICER RECONNOITRING ON THE VISTULA.



DON COSSACKS TRANSPORTING FORAGE.



LOOK-OUT STATION ON THE RUSSIAN FRONTIER.



REDOUBTS ON THE VISTULA.



RUSSIAN INFANTRY WITH THE NEW UNIFORM.

THE ARMIES OF THE CONTINENT.

FROM SKETCHES BY MESSRS. PAROWSKI AND DILNISINSKI.

MAGAZINES FOR FEBRUARY.

Nineteenth Century.—Professor Huxley, under the title of "The Struggle for Existence," writes not as a physiologist, but as a social economist, propounding a scheme of technical education to save our people from perishing through foreign industrial competition. Mr. Herbert Spencer defends his philosophy against the Duke of Argyll. Miss Sewell censures "the Reign of Pedantry" in the academical instruction of girls. The prospects of the Panama Canal are discussed by Mr. J. Stephen Jeans, who seems but inaccurately informed of the history of other ship canals. Miss Octavia Hill pleads eloquently for open spaces around London, and especially commends the movement to secure Parliament-hill at Hampstead. Mr. Frank Hill ably exposes the conflict between chatter and business in the House of Commons. The claims of homoeopathic physicians, the defeat of Turkish reforms under Sultan Abdul Aziz, and the constitution of the United States, occupy remaining articles; Sir Henry Elliot, and Mr. Phelps, the American Minister, write on the two last-mentioned subjects.

Contemporary Review.—Mohammedan and Christian conversions in India are compared by a writer who ascribes the greater success of Islam to its leaving the natives still Asiatics, while our proselytism vainly strives to make them Englishmen. Mr. Gladstone yet finds leisure for the Greek mythology, and endeavours to analyse the Homeric conception of Here, or "Juno," as Virgil calls her. Dr. W. H. Russell criticises Mr. Kinglake's history of the Crimean War. Mr. J. Westlake, Q.C., examines the idea of nationality. The Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch is defended by the Dean of Peterborough. Mr. W. E. Bear writes on the land question; Mr. Francis Peek, on unemployed labourers; Mr. C. Williams, on the police of New York; Dr. Walter Smith, on Scottish Church Disestablishment; and Mr. Cunningham Graham, M.P., on the future of the Liberal Party.

Fortnightly Review.—The series of articles, by Sir Charles Dilke, on the British Army, is continued. "A Cosmic History," by Mr. F. W. H. Myers, is an impressive poem with a religious intention. Mr. J. Addington Symonds, an accomplished literary scholar and critic, defines the elements of artistic treatment, beauty, composition, expression, and characterisation. The Chairman of the London School Board states his objections to abolishing school fees. Miss Cobbe prescribes methods for the "education of the emotions" in the training of youth. "English and American Federalism," "Turgueneff," "Italian Women in the Middle Ages," "The Housing of the Poor," and Lord Herbert of Chesham, are treated by other writers.

National Review.—Mr. Goldwin Smith, apparently in the interest of Conservatism, opposes conceding the electoral suffrage to women. An account is given of the deliberations of the Irish Landowners' Convention in Dublin. Mr. Alfred Austin charges Mr. Matthew Arnold with Philistine prudishness in his reflections on the amours of Shelley and Byron. The "evolution of humour" is acutely discussed by Mr. H. D. Traill. There are political articles, on protection to British industry, fair trade, the Irish Nationalists, the extension of the Episcopate, and the alleged idleness of rich landowners (by Lady John Manners). The centenary of Australia is noticed by Mr. Henniker-Heaton, M.P., who knows colonial history.

Blackwood's Magazine.—"Shakespeare or Bacon?" by Sir Theodore Martin, is too contemptuous; and he ignores the arguments for believing that Bacon may have had a hand in parts of the plays ascribed to Shakespeare; while the supposition that Bacon was their principal author may be deserving of his scorn. Sir Theodore Martin also contributes a sonnet on the Queen's reflections at Osborne at the close of her Jubilee year. A romance of native life in Central Africa, "Princess Yielia," is not deficient in interest. The concluding part of Cæsar Borgia's authentic history is related by M. Charles Yriarte. The merits of landlords, the position of Irish affairs, State-aided emigration, and the balance of naval powers, are discussed, and Mrs. Oliphant's story of "Joyce" is continued.

Murray's Magazine.—The life of Darwin is reviewed by the Duke of Argyll, with a friendly appreciation of his personal character. Mr. W. M. Acworth finishes his description of the organisation of the London and North-Western Railway. Mr. Corney Grain tells amusing anecdotes of musicians at fashionable private parties. The question "Are Bazaars a True Form of Charity?" is seriously debated by Miss Louisa Twining, who decides that they are not. The embarrassments of young politicians in Parliament engage the sympathy of Mr. Julian Sturgis. Continuations of two stories are supplied.

Longman's Magazine.—Mr. W. Archer's treatise on "The Anatomy of Acting" is elsewhere noticed. Mrs. Reeves writes sensibly on the extravagance of ladies in dress. Mr. F. Boyle proves that the cultivation of orchids is not so difficult and costly as is supposed. There are two short stories, and chapters of two long ones.

Macmillan's Magazine.—Professor Alfred Newton, on the "Early Days of Darwinism," and Colonel Maurice, on Kinglake's history of the invasion of the Crimea, are writers of special credit. Mr. Henry James begins a story called "The Reverberator." The other articles are of some literary interest.

English Illustrated Magazine.—"Ralph Hardelet," Professor W. Minto's historical romance, and "That Girl in Black," by Mrs. Molesworth, are carried on, the latter to its conclusion. "Coaching Days," illustrated by Mr. Herbert Railton and Mr. Hugh Thomson, are passed on the old Portsmouth road. There is something about fowls, and something about weasels.

Cornhill Magazine.—The stories, "Uncle Joe," "A Tumbler of Milk," and an instalment of "Life's Morning," by Mr. G. Gissing, author of "Thyrza," form the better part of the contents; but we find also notes on the Burmese hill people, on natural history in the marsh-land, and on poaching of different kinds.

Temple Bar.—The Chevalier Bayard and Cardinal Maury are the subjects of two historical sketches. The current tales, by Miss Jessie Fothergill, Mrs. Parr, and Mr. W. E. Norris, make some progress, and there are short pieces of fiction. The "Wiccamical Reminiscences" are those of Winchester schoolboys.

Time.—This is now a good magazine. It contains an interesting memoir of the late Rev. A. H. Mackonochie; an article on the work of members of Parliament, by Mr. Osborne Morgan, M.P.; one on the Crown Prince of Germany; an instructive essay, by Professor Wallace, on the origin of the idea of natural rights; Mdlle. Blaze De Bury, on the art of conversation in the French salons; an old Paris murder-mystery, from the judicial inquiries; a stirring tale, "The Silent House by the River"; and several chapters of Mrs. Pender Cudlip's story; the sugar-bounties question is also discussed.

The Woman's World.—The handsome style in which this magazine is got up, and the excellence of its illustrations, which include a fine portrait of Miss Christina Rossetti, from a crayon drawing by Dante Rossetti, cannot fail to attract

public favour. Mr. Oscar Wilde, the editor, has ladies of rank and talent among his literary contributors.

Atalanta.—The editors, Miss L. T. Meade and Miss Alicia A. Leith, with good writers to assist them, provide bright and pleasant reading for well-educated girls; Miss Thackeray (Mrs. Ritchie) discourses of Jane Austen's novels to the Reading Union; and there is a good article on the English art-schools, with prize drawings by pupils.

The Century.—Much valuable and interesting matter is always to be found in this American magazine. It contains some original letters of Walter Savage Landor's, with his portrait, and an article on him by Mr. James Russell Lowell; the continuation of the history of President Lincoln, and an article by General Sherman on the military strategy of the war; stories by G. W. Cable, Frank Stockton, and E. Eggleston; and many good engravings.

Harper's Monthly.—The beauty of the wood-engravings, and the literary merit of the articles, in this New York periodical publication are equally esteemed in England. Mr. Henry James, Mr. W. D. Howells, Mr. William Black, Mr. G. W. Curtis, and Mr. C. D. Warner, are writers who command attention. Quebec, ship-railways, Golconda, the Lake of Geneva, Socialism in London, and other topics of general interest, are intermixed with lively tales of fiction.

Scribner's Magazine.—Here is a third American monthly, hardly inferior in worth to either of its competitors; the original letters of Mendelssohn to Moscheles will be read with gratification; and the illustrated account of ancient arms and armour, by Messrs. Blashfield, is a good piece of work.

THE DUDLEY GALLERY.

At the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, the Dudley Gallery Art Society has brought together a small collection of water-colours, which, while presenting no special features, contains an average number of fairly good specimens. The introduction of such works as Sir John Gilbert's "Standard Bearer" (168), Mr. Birket Foster's "Girl and Goat" (159), and Mr. Carl Haag's "Nasir-Mansoor" (50), and such works as, we think, in view of the interests of the other exhibitions, a mistake. The "Dudley" in its rejuvenated form must fight its way to public notice and public favour by its own unaided efforts, and there is quite sufficient promise in the present exhibition to make success possible. Mr. Hubert Medlicott's "memories" of home and foreign countries display a keen sense of the unappreciated beauties which hackneyed subjects possess, as, for instance, the soft rendering of "St. Paul's from Blackfriars" (7), "Vauxhall Bridge" (38), and the "Abbaye aux Dames" (115), from the quay at Caen. Another artist, Mr. Charles E. Hern, sends some equally promising sketches, which are similarly inspired, especially the "Study of a Stack-Barge" (177), from the foreshore on the Surrey side of Waterloo Bridge; and the "Bridge Reach, Rochester" (186). The spirited work of Mr. L. R. O'Brien, the President of the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts, is especially interesting, not only on account of its opening up so much fresh country among the "Rockies" and elsewhere, but also on account of the firm grip of his subject which the artist manages to get, as in such pictures as the "Lake Louise" (187), "A Pass in the Rocky Mountains" (162), and others. Miss Osborn's studies of the Broads with their soft haze are in direct contrast with the sharp outlines of the Canadian landscape, and many will be found to value more highly such delicate work as the lady artist puts into the "Summer Sea Fret" (199), on the Bure—the almost sad moment "Between the Sunset and the Moon" (135), and the tearful glimmer of the "Early Morn at Beccles" (157). Mr. Walter Severn is seldom monotonous either in subject or manner. This year he takes us to Ireland, and shows us the beauties of the "Eagle's Nest Rock" (44), well known to visitors to Killarney, and the rock-bound coast (54) upon which the melancholy ocean beats. More brilliant and hopeful are Mr. Varley's recollections of Egypt, and the bright saffron with which the sky blazes as it is reflected in the swollen waters of the Nile (22). Mr. James Webb, Mr. Joseph Knight, Mr. Albert Stevens, and other well-known landscape and marine painters, are fairly represented; and Mr. B. J. Donne sends some exceedingly interesting studies taken at impossible heights among the Alps, Pennine, Noric, and Dolomite, at all hours of the day and night. Among the figure-painters, Mr. Terry shows a constantly-increasing firmness and power. In addition to two single figures, "A Basket of Apples" (247) and a "School-Girl" (252), which display very distinct qualities of workmanship, he has a clever bit of painting called a "Lesson in Lace-making" (31)—an old woman working at her pillow, whilst her little grandchild is eagerly watching the movement of the bobbins. The figures are excellent, but the back of the cottage-room in which they are seated is feeble in colour and conception. Mr. E. R. Franz's "Remains of the Portico Octavio" (30), Mr. Percy Lillingston's "Lobster Hauling" (71), Miss G. Martineau's "Pine Copse" (78), Mrs. Heathcote's "Plain Below Assisi" (99), and Miss E. Martineau's "After Work" (103), all display good work; whilst Mr. E. Giberne's "Beggars are Coming to Town" (100), although executed too much after the manner of a book illustration, is conceived in the spirit of Stothard, as modified by Cattermole, and leads one to think that, if the artist would finish his work with the careful attention to details given by his predecessors, he would make a place for himself in a branch of art now too little followed by those endowed with the requisite fancy.

Among the Illustrations of the life of Lord Byron, which we published last week upon the occasion of the centenary of his birth, on Jan. 22, the name "Newstead Abbey as It Is," was accidentally misplaced, in a portion of our issue, beneath a view of Annesley, the house of Miss Mary Chaworth, a young heiress to whom Byron in the sixteenth year of his age became deeply attached. This young lady, being two years older than he, looked on him as a schoolboy, and did not at all respond to his passionate suit, but in the following year, 1805, married Mr. John Musters, who thus became the owner of Annesley. Byron's private memoranda, some years later, contain expressions of regret that their union was not accomplished, and she is supposed to be the person alluded to in some passages of his poems. Our View of Annesley was supplied by a local photographer, who inadvertently wrote on its back the name of Newstead. The present owner of Annesley, Mr. John Chaworth Musters, is a grandson, we believe, of the lady mentioned; while Newstead belongs to Mr. W. F. Webb.

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.

FEB. 4, 1888.

Subscribers will please to notice that copies of this week's number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates:—To Canada, United States of America, and the whole of Europe, THICK EDITION, Twopence-halfpenny; THIN EDITION, Three-halfpence. To Australia, Brazil, Cape of Good Hope, China (via United States), Jamaica, Mauritius, and New Zealand, THICK EDITION, Threepence; THIN EDITION, Twopence. To China (via Brindisi), India, and Java, THICK EDITION, Fourpence-halfpenny; THIN EDITION, Threepence.

Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the departure of the mails.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, Jan. 31.

The discussion on the Budget, and on the general state of French finances, is the political topic of the day in the Chamber of Deputies, and also in the whole country, so far as the French can ever be induced to pay attention to the details of their administration. Hitherto the debate has shown simply that the finances of France are in a more deplorable condition than ever. We must wait for the sequel of the debate to see what remedies are proposed and what results obtained.

Two recent events have shown in an interesting manner in what high esteem the profession of journalist is held in France: one is the election of M. Jules Clarétie to the French Academy, and the other the manifestations of respect occasioned by the death of M. H. De Pène, chief editor of *Le Gaulois*. I say nothing of the long articles published by newspapers of all shades of opinion. The most striking feature was the large number of people who attended the funeral—politicians, artists, society people, and journalists, the very élite of Paris. And yet M. De Pène was a simple journalist, and nothing more; a Royalist of the most extreme opinions, an honest man who had a high idea of the dignity of his profession. Only a few days ago the comic author Labiche was followed to his grave by a similar attendance, by the "All Paris" of art and letters, many of whom never knew the man Labiche, but saw in him a representative of French literature and French gaiety. The same "All Paris," a few days afterwards, at the first performance of a new comedy at the Variétés, called "Décoré," by some spontaneous manifestation of sympathy, declared that the author, Henri Meilhac, ought to succeed Labiche at the Academy. Thus the candidature of Meilhac has been proposed by public opinion. As for M. Clarétie, he is above all a journalist, and, at the same time, he has published some hundreds of volumes of fiction, history, criticisms, and plays. But it is to journalism that he owes his reputation; it is to journalism that he owes his present position of administrator of the Comédie Française; it is the journalist that the French Academy has honoured by the arm-chair of immortality.

At the same time that it elected M. Clarétie, the Academy chose M. D'Haussonville and Admiral Jurién De la Gravière to succeed to the seats vacant by the death of MM. Caro and Viel-Castel. These two gentlemen will not add to the éclat of the Academy. They will simply take their place amongst those members whose names nobody can remember.

Salvayre's new opera, the "Dame de Montsoreau," has proved a flat failure at the Grand Opéra. The only things to be said in its favour are that it is well sung, and that some of the scenery is very fine. This failure suggests many reflections. First of all, let it be noted that of late the librettists have come to regard the repertory of celebrated dramas as their legitimate prey. "Hamlet," "Romeo and Juliet," the "Cid," "Polyeucte," and "Patrie" have not satisfied them, and now they are attacking the works of the elder Dumas, of Victor Hugo, and of Ponsard; for we are threatened with a "Ruy Blas" and a "Charlotte Corday" next year. The librettists evidently make a grave mistake in attempting to transpose literary dramas into musical dramas. The literary drama lends itself to contingencies, to the picturesqueness of detail, to the development of a plot by means of the accumulation of facts and personages in detail. The musical drama, on the other hand, can only deal with lyrical facts. Music is the language of sentiments, as words are the language of ideas; music is confined by its very nature to the circle of human passions and emotions; music has means of action and expressions of movement which are inherent in its nature. This being the case, what can a musician do with a picturesque drama full of incident, of personages, of plots and cross-plots, of sword-thrusts, of laughter, and of love? In the confusion of so many elements, music, with its slow processes of development, is lost. The librettist has abridged and compressed, and consequently the composer has written a score which is extremely long, and yet every part of which is too short; while the opera as a whole, libretto and music together, is meagre and incomprehensible. After this failure, to which he would not have exposed himself if he had a clear conception of the conditions of his art, M. Salvayre may consider his career at an end. His début with "Le Bravo" at the Théâtre Lyrique in 1877 gave a sort of vague promise. Now, after two decisive trials—one at the Opéra Comique, the other at the Grand Opéra—M. Salvayre has shown that he can neither compose a musical drama nor even follow in the steps of the maker of the old-fashioned Italian opera. The intelligent directors of the Opéra are not to be congratulated on the way in which they waste their national subvention of 800,000f. a year.

The Hôtel de Ville ball this year has been an immense success. More than 12,000 people accepted the invitation of the Municipality, including the President of the Republic and a large number of politicians, diplomatists, Senators, deputies, and members of the Institute. It was the most brilliant democratic crowd I have ever seen in Paris, and, in spite of the vast number of guests, there was not a hitch anywhere; while, thanks to the thousands of incandescent electric lights arranged in crystal lustres, the immense reception rooms were splendidly lighted without being hot to suffocation. President Carnot was the object of marked sympathy during the hour that he spent at the Hôtel de Ville. He is decidedly becoming popular.

The Paris society for the propagation of cremation proposes to hold an international cremation congress in 1889, and to celebrate at the same time the centenary of cremation in France; for it was in 1789 that, for the first time in France, Count Frochot, Prefect of the Seine, granted an authorisation for the cremation of the human body.

T. C.

The Pope has sent an autograph letter to the Czar, thanking him for his expressions of goodwill on the occasion of his Jubilee, and adding that the Holy See is prepared to discuss any proposals which may be addressed to it.

The Empress of Germany gave the first of her Thursday musical soirées on Jan. 26, when Lord and Lady Randolph Churchill were presented to their Majesties. All the Princes and Princesses, the whole of the Diplomatic Corps, Count Moltke and the Generals, Count Herbert Bismarck and the Ministers and Secretaries of State, and more than three hundred other persons of distinction were present. Guilds and other public bodies in Berlin intend organising a suitable reception of the Crown Prince on his return to the capital. The appointment of Prince William of Prussia as Major-General and Commander of the Second Brigade of the Infantry of the Guards was announced on Jan. 27, his Royal Highness's birthday. The Minister for War asks for an addition of 700,000 men to the Imperial Army, at an initial outlay of fourteen millions sterling.

It is officially announced at St. Petersburg that seven persons have been tried and condemned to death for having been concerned in Nihilist plots. Their sentences were, however, commuted to various terms of penal servitude.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

Probate of the will and codicils of the late Baron Hermann de Stern, who died at No. 4, Hyde Park-gate, on Oct. 20 last, has been granted to Baroness Julia de Stern, Herbert Stern, son, and James Stern and Jacques Stern, nephews, the acting executors. The net personal property in England is stated to amount to £3,541,366 19s. 11d.

The will of Mr. Harvie Morton Farquhar, of No. 11, Belgrave-square, and of No. 16, St. James's-street, banker, who died on Nov. 11 last, was proved on Jan. 27 by his son, Alfred Farquhar, Esq., and his son-in-law, John Henry Ponsonby, Esq., the executors, the gross value of the personal estate amounting to £544,684. The testator, after confirming the appointment of £10,000 out of his settlement funds in favour of his daughter, Mrs. Ponsonby, upon her marriage, appoints £10,000 out of the same funds to each of his other children, and the residue of the said funds to his eldest son, Mr. Alfred Farquhar. He bequeaths his leasehold house, No. 11, Belgrave-square, and the contents thereof to Mr. Alfred Farquhar; £10,000 to his daughter, Mrs. Ponsonby; £5000 to Mr. J. H. Ponsonby; £500 each to his sisters, Mrs. Ann Sybella Clive and Mrs. Maria Cosway Halliday; £200 each to two of his godsons; sums varying from £200 to £20 to his clerks according to the length of their service; £50 each to certain of his servants; 19s. each to porters at 16, St. James's-street, and 18, King-street, who have been five years in service; and an annuity of £200, free of duty, to the Hon. Mrs. Caroline Grey. He devised and bequeathed the residue of his real and personal estate to trustees, on trust, for sale, and out of the proceeds to provide additional portions of £20,000 for each of his daughters, Miss Isabel Farquhar and Miss Helen Laura Farquhar, and of £40,000 for his son Mr. Ernest Farquhar—the daughters' portions being thus made up to £30,000 and settled upon certain trusts for their benefit; and as to the residue for his son Mr. Alfred Farquhar.

The will (dated Oct. 2, 1861) of Mr. Emil Springmann, of Drachenfels, West Derby, near Liverpool, who died on Dec. 11 last, has been proved by Mrs. J. W. Maria Springmann, the widow and sole executrix. The testator devises and bequeaths all his real and personal estate to his wife, absolutely. He leaves real estate in England and Scotland; about two thirds of his personal estate is situate in the United Kingdom, and amounts in value to upwards of £131,000; the remaining personalty is situate abroad. The testator had, from time to time during his life, made dispositions in favour of each of his children.

The will (dated June 9, 1885) of the late Lord De Tabley, of Tabley House, Cheshire, who died on Oct. 19 last, aged seventy-six years, and who was a Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen, 1853-58 and 1859-68, and Treasurer of the Household, 1868-72, was proved on Jan. 21 by his executors, Major Shallcross Fitzherbert Widdington, of Newton Hall, Northumberland, and Clere Talbot, Esq., of Queen's-road, Regent's Park. The testator, after giving to his executors legacies of £500 and £200, respectively, bequeaths to his widow, Elizabeth, Lady De Tabley, for her life, the diamonds which he bought from the Rev. Frederick Leicester, and his (testator's) portrait by Frank Holl, R.A., and on her decease the diamonds and picture are to devolve as heirlooms with the settled Tabley family estates. The testator also bequeaths to her Ladyship, absolutely, all his other jewellery, his house in Upper Belgrave-street and its contents (excepting the family plate and the pictures from Tabley House), his horses and carriages, £4000, and a rent-charge on the settled estates of £500 a year, for her life, in addition to £1000 a year secured to her by her marriage settlement. And he bequeaths to his daughter, the Hon. Lady Margaret Cowell-Stepney, her portrait by Buckner and £100 for the purchase of a keepsake; to Mrs. Caroline Middleton Berry, of Chester-terrace, £100; and legacies to all his servants who have completed fifteen years' service. The testator devises all his real estate, and bequeaths the residue of his personal estate, to his son, the Hon. John Byrne Leicester Warren, now third Baron De Tabley. The personal estate is valued at £71,043, but as the testator's debts and liabilities exceeded this amount no probate duty was paid.

The will (dated July 24, 1872) of Mrs. Marianne Chowne, late of No. 153, Westbourne-terrace, Hyde Park, who died on Oct. 21 last, was proved on Jan. 18 by Mrs. Selina Alfréda Cumming, the sister and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate exceeding £30,000. The testatrix gives all her property to her sister, Mrs. Selina Alfréda Cumming, absolutely.

The will and two codicils of Mr. Joseph Thomas Humphry, late of No. 4, New-square, Lincoln's Inn, and No. 26, Princes-square, Bayswater, who died Dec. 27 last, was proved on Jan. 13 by Mrs. Jessie Oliver Humphry, the widow, Mr. Hugh M'Nab Humphry and Mr. Lawrence Humphry, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £28,000. The testator gives £2000, his leasehold house, and the furniture, plate, glass, &c., therein, and his carriages and horses to his wife; £1000, his law library, his shares in the Law Life Assurance Company, and all his freehold property at Barnes to his son Hugh; and £2000 to each of his other children. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life; and at her death, to all his children, share and share alike.

The will (dated May 14, 1884) of Admiral Frederick Byng Montrésor, R.N., formerly of No. 38, Gloucester-square, Hyde Park; but late of No. 15, Elvaston-place, South Kensington, who died on Dec. 15 last, was proved on Jan. 21 by Mrs. Emily Maria Montrésor, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £22,000. The testator gives £500, his house in Elvaston-place, with the furniture, pictures, glass, and household effects, and his horses and carriages, to his wife; and other small legacies. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life; at her death he bequeaths £100 to each of his grandchildren, and £10,000, upon trust, for Edward Thomas Delafield. The ultimate residue he leaves equally between his children.

The will (dated Aug. 3, 1885), with three codicils (dated July 26, Nov. 4 and 15, 1887), of James Cato De Castro, M.D., formerly of No. 11, Hinde-street, Manchester-square, but late of The Engadine, Torquay, who died on Nov. 23 last, was proved on Jan. 25 by James Augustine De Castro, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £22,000. The testator bequeaths £2000 to his son, James Augustine. The residue of his property, upon trust, he leaves for his wife, Mrs. Anne Jane De Castro, for life, and, at her death, to his children, Henry Catano, James Augustine, and Elizabeth Reynell Poole, in equal shares.

The will (dated May 14, 1881) of Doña Marianna Izabel De Menezes Amorim, Contessa de Fonte-Bella, widow, late of the city of Ponta Delgada, in the island of St. Michael, Azores, who died on July 13 last, was proved in London on Jan. 21 by Jacintho Gago Da Camara, Conde de Fonte-Bella, the executor, the value of the personal estate in England exceeding £21,000. The testatrix leaves 200 milreis to be distributed among the poor, in the courtyard of her house, on the day of her burial; and there are legacies to relatives, servants, and others, and for masses for her soul. Subject to the foregoing, she appoints

her godson, Jacintho Gago Da Camara, Conde de Fonte-Bella, her universal heir.

The will (dated July 15, 1884) of Mrs. Louise Johanne Angela Semon, late of No. 37, Westbourne-terrace, Hyde Park, widow, who died on Oct. 20 last, was proved on Jan. 18 by Mrs. Irene Eugenie Ernestine Lassen, the sister, Isidor Sonnenthal, and William Fletcher Atkinson, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £17,000. The testatrix bequeaths the silver cup presented to her husband, when Mayor of Bradford, to her nephew, Dr. Felix Semon; subject to this she leaves all her real and personal estate to her brothers and sisters, in equal shares, as tenants in common.

The will (dated April 30, 1877) of Sir Joseph Ritchie Lyon Dickson, Physician to the British Legation at the Court of Persia, who died at Malta on Aug. 7 last, was proved on Jan. 23 by Mrs. Francis Josephine Dickson, the sister-in-law, the value of the personal estate exceeding £7000. The testator gives £1000 each to his nephews William Edmond Ritchie Dickson and Spencer Stuart Dickson, his niece, Joanne Frances Dickson, and to his sister, Mrs. Helen Gaglinfi; and there are other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves between all his brothers and sisters in equal shares.

OBITUARY.

MR. POLE-CAREW OF ANTONY.

Mr. William Henry Pole-Carew, M.A., of Antony House, Cornwall, J.P. and D.L., a Special Deputy-Warden of the Stannaries, died on Jan. 20, at Villa Poralto, Cannes. He was born July 30, 1811, the eldest son of the Right Hon. Reginald Pole-Carew, of Antony, at one time Under-Secretary of State for the Home Department, by the Hon. Caroline Anne, his second wife, daughter of the first Lord Lyttelton, and was educated at the Charterhouse and Oriel College, Oxford. He sat in Parliament for East Cornwall from 1845 to 1852, and served as High Sheriff in 1854. The Carews of Antony are a family of great antiquity and eminence. By the will of Sir Coventry Carew, sixth Baronet of Antony, who died in 1748, the estates passed eventually through female descent to Reginald Pole, who assumed the surname of Carew, and was the late Right Hon. Reginald Pole-Carew, father of the gentleman whose death we record. He married, Aug. 28, 1838, Frances Anne, second daughter of Mr. John Buller, of Morval, and leaves, with other issue, his son and heir, Colonel Reginald Pole-Carew, of the Coldstream Guards.

MR. HOWEL GWYN.

Mr. Howel Gwyn, M.A., of Dyffryn, county of Glamorgan, and of Abercrave, county Brecon, J.P. and D.L., died on Jan. 25, at his seat near Neath, in his eighty-second year. He was the elder son of Mr. William Gwyn, of Neath, by Mary Anne, his wife, daughter of Mr. John Roberts, of Barnstaple; served as High Sheriff for Glamorganshire in 1837, for Carmarthenshire in 1838, and for Breconsire in 1844; and sat for some time in Parliament for Penryn and Falmouth, from 1847 to 1857, and for Brecon from 1866 to 1868. He married, April 24, 1851, Ellen Elizabeth, only daughter of Mr. John Moore, of Plymouth.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Elizabeth, Baroness Sackville, wife of Mortimer, Lord Sackville, of Knole, in Kent, and second daughter of Mr. Charles W. Faber, of Northaw House, Herts, on Jan. 23, at the Queen's Hotel, Norwood.

Alexander Robert Campbell-Johnston, F.R.S., F.R.G.S., late of Her Majesty's Colonial Service, third son of the Right Hon. Sir Alexander Johnston, of Carnaloch, Dumfriesshire, by Louisa, his wife, daughter of Lord William Campbell, on Jan. 21, in California, aged seventy-six. He was formerly Her Majesty's Deputy Superintendent and Lieutenant-Governor of the island of Hong-Kong.

Mr. George Godwin, F.R.S., F.S.A., an accomplished architect, and for years editor of the *Builder*, on Jan. 27, at his residence, 6, Cromwell-place, aged seventy-three.

The Rev. Charles Francis Corbet Pigott, Rector of Edmond, Shropshire, and Prebendary of Lichfield, fifth son of the Rev. John Dryden Pigott, of Edmond, on Jan. 22, in his sixty-eighth year.

Mrs. Pasley-Dirom (Edith Leonora), of Mount Annan, Dumfriesshire, only daughter of Captain Alexander Dirom, R.E., and niece and heiress of Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Pasley-Dirom, of Mount Annan, on Jan. 24. She came of age last year, and married, only a few months since, Captain Henry Cantly, late of the Suffolk Regiment, who assumed the surname of Pasley-Dirom.

Mr. Hugh Shield, Q.C., has been elected treasurer of the Honourable Society of Gray's Inn for the ensuing year.

Sir Frederick Abel has been appointed Rede Lecturer at Cambridge for the present year.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has conferred the degree of Doctor in Divinity upon the Dean of Rochester (designate), with a view to his installation on Thursday, Feb. 2.

The mausoleum of the Emperor Napoleon III. and his son is opened to visitors only by the production of a ticket, which may be obtained at the Priory, adjoining the church.

An excellent lecture on the history and present condition of the British Museum Library was given at the Toynbee Hall, Whitechapel, on Saturday evening by Dr. Richard Garnett, assistant-keeper of printed books at the library.

Steamers arrived at Liverpool last week with live stock and fresh meat from American and Canadian ports containing 1175 cattle and 9206 quarters of beef. As compared with the preceding week, these show an increase of 1251 cattle and 5033 quarters of beef.

Dr. Hutcheson Stirling, Edinburgh, has been appointed Gifford Lecturer in Natural Theology in Edinburgh University for the next two years. The late Lord Gifford left a legacy of £25,000 to found the lectureship, and of that sum the annual interest is paid to the lecturer.

The I (Major Payne's) Company of the Queen's (Westminster) Volunteers give their fifteenth annual dramatic entertainment, at St. George's Hall, on the evening of Feb. 4, when will be performed "Ours," by Mr. J. W. Robertson, preceded by the farce "Good for Nothing," by Mr. J. B. Buckstone. The performance will be under the special patronage of the Duke of Westminster, Honorary Colonel of the Regiment.

The annual presentation of prizes to the London Scottish Rifle Volunteers took place on Jan. 28 at the head-quarters of the regiment, James-street, Buckingham-gate. General Sir Donald Stewart, who was accompanied by Lady Stewart, presided. Colonel Lumsden congratulated the friends of the regiment on its continued efficiency and strength. At the end of the Volunteer year it had the largest number of members it had ever possessed, as on Oct. 31 last its roll was 877, and the number of efficient 832, there being but 25 non-efficient, and of these only twelve had failed to pass out of the third class. Lady Stewart presented the prizes.

THE COURT.

The Queen is expected to move the Court from Osborne to Windsor Castle about Feb. 14. Her Majesty will visit the metropolis on the 23rd, remaining at Buckingham Palace until Saturday, the 25th. We are informed that her Majesty, attended by a limited suite, will, according to present arrangements, leave for the Riviera on or about March 18. Her Majesty's grand-daughter, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, arrived at Osborne on Jan. 28. Sir John and Lady Cowell met her Highness at Portsmouth, and attended her to Osborne, on board her Majesty's yacht *Alberta*, Captain Fullerton. The Very Rev. the Dean of Westminster arrived, and had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. Her Majesty their Royal Highnesses Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and her Highness Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, and the members of the Royal household attended Divine service at Osborne on Sunday morning, Jan. 29. The Dean of Westminster officiated.

Notice is given in the *Gazette* that the Queen will hold Drawingrooms at Buckingham Palace on Friday, Feb. 24, and on Friday, March 9, next, at three o'clock. The Knights of the several Orders are to appear in their Collars on Feb. 24, it being a Collar-day (St. Matthias).

Notice is also given that the Prince of Wales will by command of the Queen hold a Levée at St. James's Palace on behalf of her Majesty, on Wednesday, March 7, at two o'clock. It is the Queen's pleasure that presentations to his Royal Highness at the Levée shall be considered as equivalent to presentations to her Majesty.

The Prince of Wales, accompanied by Major-General Sir Christopher C. Teesdale, Esquire-in-Waiting, arrived at Marlborough House on Thursday, Jan. 26, from Sandringham; and later was present at the Haymarket Theatre, to witness the performance of "Partners." Next day his Royal Highness presided at a meeting of the Organising Committee of the Imperial Institute, when it was resolved that an application should be made to the Privy Council for a Charter of Incorporation. On the 28th, the Prince was present at a meeting of the Standing Committee of the Trustees of the British Museum, at the National History Museum, Cromwell-road. His Royal Highness, attended by Major-General Sir C. Teesdale, left Marlborough House in the afternoon for Sandringham. The Prince returned to Marlborough House on Jan. 30, and left next morning for Osborne, on a visit to the Queen. His Royal Highness will leave England on a short visit to the Continent on Feb. 9 or 10, returning early in March.—Prince Albert Victor of Wales has been promoted from the rank of honorary Sub-Lieutenant in the Royal Naval Reserve to that of honorary Lieutenant.

SAN REMO AND BORDIGHERA.

The condition of the Crown Prince of Germany is the topic of most urgent interest connected with San Remo, a place of which our Artist has recently supplied abundant sketches of its picturesque and delightful scenery. The eminent London physician, Sir Morell Mackenzie, again visited his illustrious patient there in the last days of January; he found the left side of the Crown Prince's throat, which had shown signs of new growths of morbid excrescence in November and December, now in a much healthier condition. There is now little swelling in that part, and the general inflammation of the larynx has decreased. The symptoms are now more opposed than in December to the belief that there is cancer. This favourable opinion is confirmed by the coming away of a little bit of tissue, which in cases of cancer is very unusual. It is thought probable that the slight inflammation of the right half of the throat arises from perichondritis; but none of the German doctors have expressed their concurrence with Sir Morell Mackenzie's opinion. On Monday, Jan. 30, a medical consultation was held, and in the afternoon there was a further examination of the throat, using cocaine as an anæsthetic; Sir Morell Mackenzie, Dr. Mark Hovell, Dr. Krause, Dr. Schröder, and Dr. Bramann, were present. It was decided that no operation will be necessary. The Crown Prince walked and drove out that day.

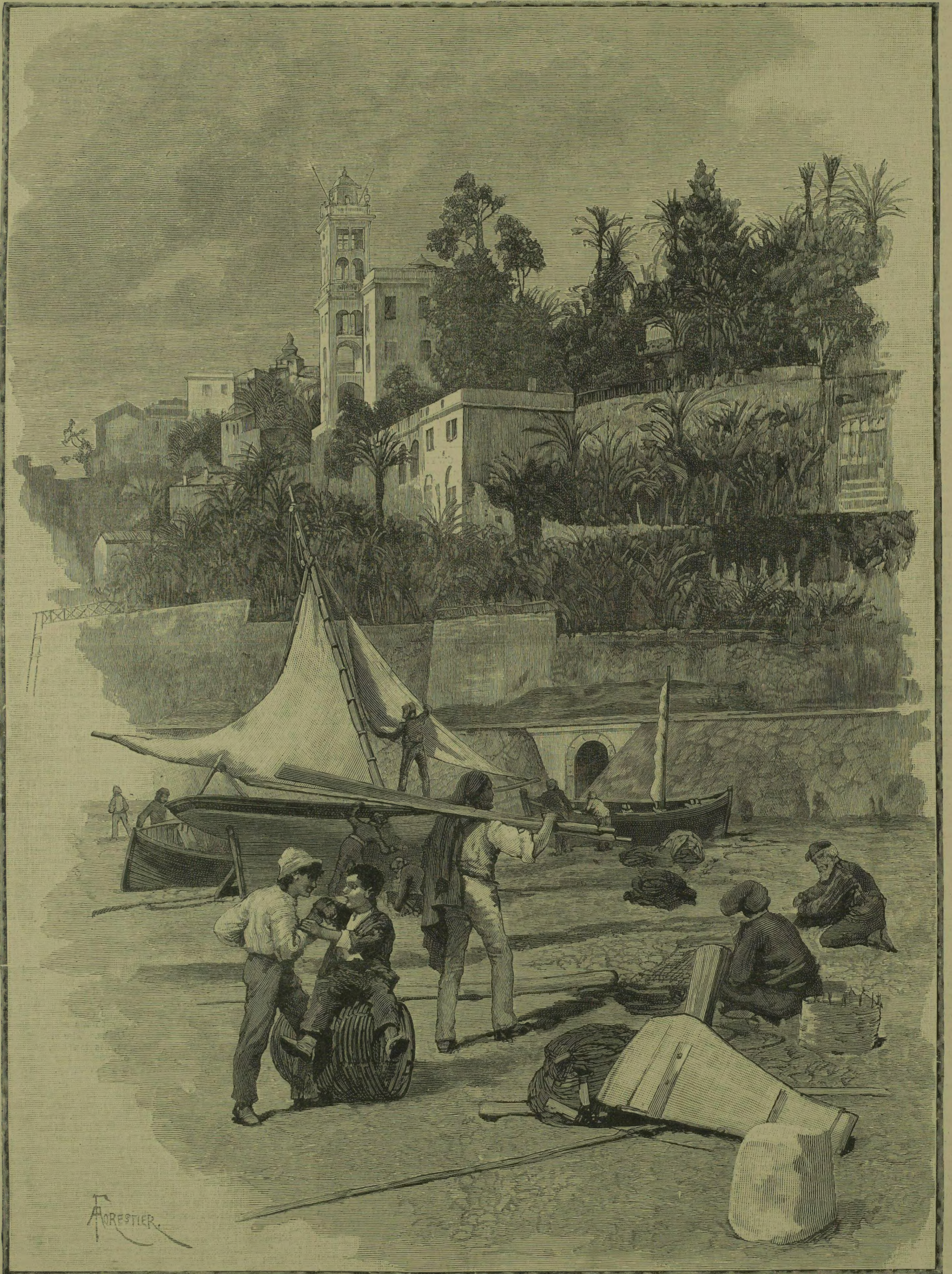
Bordighera, six miles and a half west of San Remo, and ten miles east from Mentone, is about three miles within the Italian frontier, which begins at Ventimiglia. The old town, which is very small, occupies the summit of a hill rising from Cape Sant' Ampeglio, with olives and palms growing on the sides of the hill and in the plain. There is a new town, with hotels, almost on a level with the seabeach. The parish church, and the chapel of the Madonna della Ruota, contain fine sculptures and ivory carvings. At La Colla is a mansion belonging to the municipality, in which are kept the fine collection of Italian paintings, and the library bequeathed to the town by the Abate Paolo Rambaldi.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

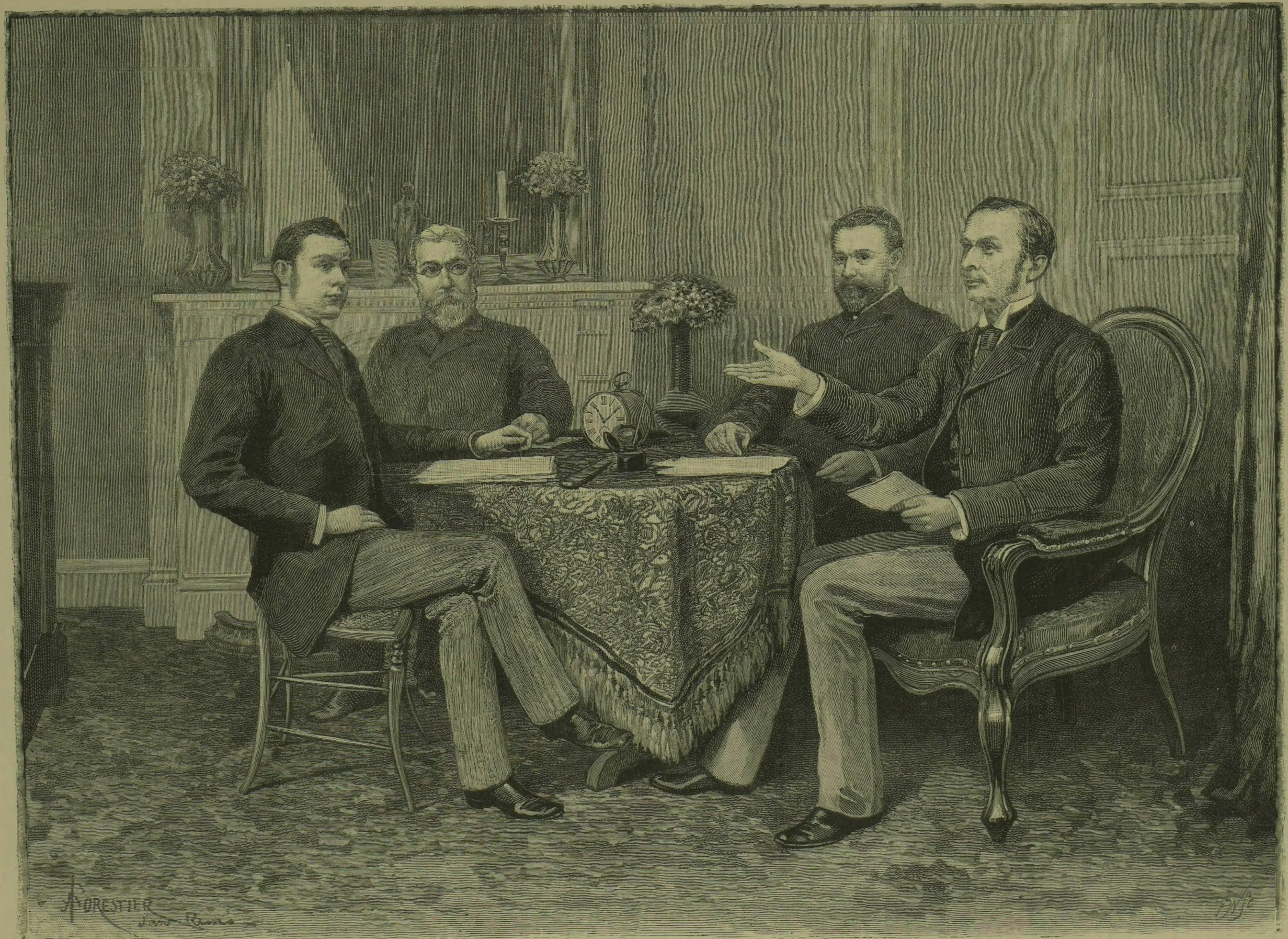
The marriage of the Hon. Arthur Cadogan, second son of the late Earl Cadogan and brother of the present Peer, with Mary, widow of Mr. G. W. Schofield, and daughter of the Rev. G. Livingstone Fenton, took place on Jan. 25, in St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge. Earl Cadogan (Lord Privy Seal) was prevented from being present owing to his attendance at the Cabinet Council at the Foreign Office. The bridegroom was attended by the Hon. Cecil Cadogan, his brother, as best man. The bride was conducted to the chancel by her uncle, Mr. W. Watkin Lloyd, who afterwards gave her away. The service was fully choral.

The marriage of Mr. Archibald Alison, eldest son of Lieutenant-General Sir Archibald Alison, Bart., G.C.B., with Georgina, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Bond-Cabell, of Cromer Hall, Norfolk, took place in Holy Trinity Church, Upper Chelsea, on Jan. 26, in the presence of numerous relatives and friends. The bridegroom was accompanied by his brother, Mr. Randal F. Alison (Seaforth Highlanders), as best man; and the six bridesmaids were Miss Alison, Miss Geraldine and Miss Florence Alison (sisters of the bridegroom), Miss Hardcastle, Miss Williams, and Miss Buxton. Master Hans Hamilton acted as page. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. B. Bond-Cabell.

The Stanley Show (as it is generally known) of bicycles, tricycles, and the accessories belonging to the sport, originated in 1878 by the Stanley Bicycle Club, has steadily grown to its present proportions, there being this year, at the Westminster Aquarium, 150 exhibitors and about 800 machines of various types on view. One of the curiosities of the exhibition, by the Coventry Machinists' Company, is described as a "hansom-cab coolie cycle," built to the order of the Sultan of Morocco. It consists of a cab-body in front in which his Majesty can sit, and is driven by four coolies, who sit at the back of the conveyance and propel it in the same way as an ordinary tricycle. Handles on each side enable the rider to steer and control the breaks. All the well-known makers are represented; and it is impossible to describe the many improvements in cycles and their accessories which are here displayed.



ON THE BEACH AT BORDIGHERA.
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



A CONSULTATION AT SAN REMO.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

There are certain delicate, sensitive plants in dramatic literature that will not bear transplanting in our cold, ungenial and anomic soil. At home they flourish; here they die. The French pastoral play with its gentle grace and tender sentiment shivers and withers when exposed to the harsh east winds of British Philistinism. Daudet's charming and poetically conceived "L'Arlésienne" has gone the way of similar ventures. It has been tried, encouraged, and killed. The same fate would have happened to "L'Ami Fritz" or "Les Rantzau" or any of the dramatised pastorals of MM. Erckmann-Chatrian. Our rough hands and insular manners crush out the life-blood of such plays. We produce them only to show how hopelessly we misunderstand them. With memories of Fargueil and Tessandier as Rose Mamai, the passionate mother of southern France: with recollections of the romantic old star-gazing shepherd who nobly gave up the one passion of his life because it was dishonourable: with pictures before our eyes clear and distinct of the old grandfather with his noble pride of race, of the pathetic idiot boy neglected by his mother and cherished by the fond old servant, of the wild restlessness of the deeply-loving and heart-broken son, of the gentle loving maiden who speaks no word of her personal sorrow but "lets concealment, like a worm in the bud, feed on her damask cheek"; and, last of all, with vivid recollection of that passionate, dark-eyed horse-tamer of Arles, who comes like a dark shadow on the happy rustic home, and tells the love-sick boy that his promised wife is a wanton—thinking over all these scenes, picturing them again, brooding over them, fascinated by the pastoral story, enchanted by Bizet's delicious music, who can help wondering that the English of all people in the world cannot handle or appreciate such a romance! It is clear they cannot, if we may judge by the experiment at the Prince of Wales's Theatre the other afternoon. Poetry was alone retained in the music: it was killed and stoned in the drama. When Mr. Ivan Caryll's fine orchestra wailed out the tender passages of Bizet's romantic melody, all was well. When the actors came before us to do their part, all was ill. In one minute, we were in dreamland; the next, in the region of dullness. The music played, and up to the memory came Arles and all the wild love-life of its passionate people: the text was delivered, and lo! we were all brought back to the fogs of the Strand and the unimaginative life of Brixton.

How, indeed, can these dull, commonplace, prosy people, whose ideas of life are centred in journeys to and fro on underground railways, whose domestic joys consist of a wife who darns the stockings and a husband who brings home a little basket of fish for dinner, understand star-gazing shepherds and heart-broken mothers and the "love that kills"? They understand the cheerful wit of 'Arry; but not the romance of Arles. And, after all, it is difficult to apportion any blame, for no one seriously deserves it. They all did their best; but, unfortunately, that best was so very little to the purpose. They are not necessarily bad authors or bad actors because they cannot fathom the deep-set imagination of such a story or comprehend its poetic beauty. Mr. Jocelyn Brandon has, no doubt, done his best with his translation, though he has distinctly proved how little he understands Daudet's dramatic scheme by ruining his climax. The play was gradually built up, carefully and deliberately, for the sake of the crash that concludes it. Mr. Brandon shirks the crash and utterly spoils the play. This idea, "that the people won't stand it," is detestable. If so, why attempt the play? Innocent Mr. Brandon, with his youthful enthusiasm, does not understand now, but he will learn hereafter, how the literature of such a book should be, in a measure, the complement of the music. It is no use setting bald, every-day prose to imaginative music. They disagree with one another. The language of such a play, if not in verse, should have been in the best possible English, the most carefully selected prose that could be possibly obtained. Solecisms and cockneyisms in the dialogue offend the ear as much as a false note in the music. We cannot wed soft music to barbaric prose. If Bizet enchants us to Arles with his pastoral strains, Brandon should not drag us back to the underground railway with his dialogue. If the music be imaginative, the words should be fanciful.

And then the acting! Well, it cannot be helped. They did their best, and it is a pity that this is all we can get out of a pastoral subject. Miss Sophie Eyre pleased all eyes, but touched few hearts; she did not appear to understand the wild chords of maternity; she was always the actress, never the mother. We did not require here power, but passion; we did not need art so much as heart. Again, Miss Rose Norreys, a pretty and clever little ingénue, no doubt; but she did not convey the faintest idea of the love-lorn girl. Such a maiden as that was incapable of love. She would romp with the boys at a village festival; she would not go in silence to the woods and weep her heart out for her Fréderi. And so one might run on through the shepherds and grandfathers, and all the family circle, represented by worthy people no doubt, and excellent actors in their way, but far too cockney and unimaginative to become peasants of southern France. The cowl does not make the monk or the costume the actor. M. Alias or Mr. Fox cannot transform a London actor into a romantic peasant. Art can alone do that—the soul of an artist. But the worst blot of all was the selection of the actor for the passionate lover of the wicked girl of Arles. The whole meaning of the play is there. If we do not get vengeance, vindictiveness, hate, love, remorse—a true touch of tragedy at this moment—the value of the play is gone. Could any author or stage manager hope to make the play successful with a character so wholly misunderstood and so feebly handled? Gentlemen are not selected for M. Caryll's orchestra because they cannot handle a bow or play a tune. A faulty musician would have to retire from the band. Why, then, should an actor be chosen who puts the play out as much as a musician without any ear ruins harmony?

There was one performance, however, of singular excellence. The idiot boy of Miss Clara Jecks was a genuine touch of art. She lived in the part. She had imagined it. She was not Miss Jecks at that moment; she was another individuality. She took us right away from the Strand; no one dreamed of the underground railway, or special editions, or unemployed labourers, or prosy London. She took us to Arles, and brought the story to our minds as the music did. Play every part in "L'Arlésienne" as well as Miss Clara Jecks played L'Innocent, and the musical drama would run for a couple of years. It could not help it. Mr. Leonard Cantley was also very earnest and impassioned. He threw himself boldly into the tempest of the play, but he evidently felt that he was working single-handed. For what could a Fréderi do with a mother without tears, and a little lover without ideality? Every touch of his passion received a cold douche. It is little use for Fréderi to try to get into the picture when the majority of the characters are determined to get out of it. No; there is something in the age antagonistic to sentiment. Sentimental drivel is produced by the ton in drawing-room ballads; they weep over doddering old people and sickly young folks whose joys and sorrows are expressed in rhymeless stanzas and jingling music but when the old shepherd, after

separating from the woman who would have given him an unholy love, meets the idol of his life as a grey-haired widow—well, the audience simply laughed and turned away.

Better than this, they like the rough unreality but homely sentiment of the modern melodrama. They like to be excited, not to dream. The art of the present is better adapted to honest Bob Brierly, from Lancashire, and Jim Dalton, from Whitechapel, and Melter Moss, from Houndsditch, and Hawkshaw, from Scotland-yard, than to the star-gazing shepherds of pastoral romance or the loves and lives of those who are far from the madding crowd. They can do more justice to Tom Taylor than to Thomas Hardy. And well, indeed, the old "Ticket-of-Leave Man" comes out at its old home after a long and active life of twenty-five years. Henry Neville, the original and unequalled Bob Brierly, is as good as ever, full of fire and enthusiasm, an excellent example to his younger and weaker brethren, who depress the stage with their finicking style, and cultivate the art of being inaudible. Henry Neville plays up, and he makes the rest follow his wholesome lead. Age has somewhat weakened the Mrs. Willoughby of dear old Mrs. Stephens, but it is still a most comical performance. And Mr. Henry Neville can mark some improvement in the old play. Jim Dalton has never been played better than by Mr. E. S. Willard; Hawkshaw seldom so well as by Mr. Yorke Stephens. Miss Florence West, who is working up step by step to a leading position on the stage, is both natural and pathetic as May Edwards, showing tenderness and power; and Miss Bealby, again, fortifies the good impression she made in the recent melodrama. Mr. Julian Cross, Miss Helen Leyton, and Mr. Smedley all do well, and an old friend has received a very cordial welcome.

Society has been amused with a very excellent burlesque played by distinguished amateurs at a little theatre built for the amusement of the soldiers at Chelsea Barracks. The travesty is on Faust and Margaret, written by the clever and versatile Bob Martin, of Gaiety renown, and furnished with capital music by Mr. Edward Solomon. Better burlesque acting is seldom seen on the regular stage. Captain Ricardo, with his fine figure, graceful movements, and rich baritone voice, might, with a very little practice, play Mephistopheles in grand opera; and the Gaiety would be glad of such a funny comedian as Mr. Nugent, and such a charming dancer as Mrs. Crutchley. The whole entertainment was received with roars of laughter, for the soldiers were admitted to the side seats, and Mr. Nugent had provided several gags and "wheezes" to bring down the military gallery. Nor were taste and sentiment wholly banished. Mrs. Godfrey Pearce sang delightfully as Marguerite, and danced a gavotte very prettily indeed. The great success of this amateur burlesque, the best thing of the kind seen since the celebrated amateur pantomime at the Gaiety some years ago, when Mr. Yardley was Clown, and Mr. W. S. Gilbert, Harlequin, should encourage managers to start a burlesque full of popular tunes and comic dances. If Miss Lydia Thompson were to put up Mr. Martin's burlesque at the Strand to-morrow it would be almost certain to succeed—for it is funny.

Mrs. Oscar Beringer—with the clever aid of Mrs. Kendal—has produced a play called "Tares," of far more than average merit. It may be ethically incorrect, but it is certainly dramatically strong. The heroine may be what people call an "impossible woman," but she is an interesting one. The acting in this play was remarkably good—so good, indeed, in the case of Mr. Forbes Robertson, Miss Janet Achurch, and Miss Sophie Eyre, that the authoress should be asked to give another matinee without delay. Those who admire good acting would then obtain a genuine treat.

General the Hon. Sir L. Smyth has, it is understood, been selected for the Honorary Colonelcy of the Royal Sussex Regiment.

The United Kingdom Tea Company has been converted into a limited liability company, with a capital of £150,000. No shares will be offered to the public.

The fifth Parliament of British Columbia was opened at Victoria on Jan. 27.—It has now been ascertained that thirty-one whites and forty-five Chinese lost their lives in the colliery explosion on Vancouver Island.

An address on the Welsh Eisteddfod and its critics was given on Jan. 30 by Mr. J. C. Parkinson, before a large company, in the library of the Honourable Society of Cymmrodorion, at Lonsdale Chambers, Chancery-lane.

The Lord Chancellor, on Jan. 31, at the Guildhall, distributed the Queen's Prizes which had been awarded by the Science and Art Department to the successful students in the metropolitan drawing classes.

The Lord Lieutenant arrived in Dublin on Jan. 28, by the mail-train from Belfast, after an absence of nearly three weeks. His Excellency held his first Levée for the season at Dublin Castle on Jan. 31; it was largely attended.

The Metropolitan Board of Works has directed that notices should be served upon the managers of thirteen theatres, requiring them to improve, in a manner indicated, the arrangements for exit from their several places of entertainment.

A correspondent in New York states that the severest snow-storm experienced for many years has just swept over that part of the country, blocking the railways and causing much suffering. On the New York Central line the drifts were seven and eight feet deep.—The death of Dr. Asa Gray, the eminent botanist, is announced.

The engraving in our last week's Supplement, called "Toilers of the Sea," representing a party of fishermen and women, on the Channel coast, hauling a large fishing-boat ashore, was copied from the picture by Mr. Julius M. Price, an artist of considerable talent, which gained much approval at last year's Exhibition of the Royal Academy, and which bore the French name, "Travailleurs de la Mer," from the title of the well-known romance by Victor Hugo.

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THE RECESS.

The Marquis of Salisbury looks strong and hale enough to meet Mr. Gladstone face to face at the opening of Parliament on the Ninth of February. Such robust health as the Prime Minister has accumulated in the Recess would seem superabundant for the hushed chamber of the Peers, where the noble Marquis has to reckon with no adversary more formidable than mild and mellifluous (and often barely audible) Earl Granville. So gloomy is the political outlook abroad, however, that Lord Salisbury needs all his strength and tact to administer the affairs of the Foreign Office with the master-hand that is required at this juncture.

The ceremony of moving and seconding the Address to the Throne will be performed in the House of Lords by the Earl of Crawford and Lord Armstrong; in the Commons, by Mr. J. L. Wharton, M.P. for the Ripon Division of the West Riding of Yorkshire, and Colonel Duncan, C.B., M.P. for the Holborn Division of Finsbury.

Our political swallows are homeward flying. Mr. Gladstone returns to London from Florence on Monday, the Sixth of February. The Marquis of Hartington forsakes the bright Riviera for Devonshire House. Lord Randolph Churchill has been well fêted both in Berlin and in Paris on his passage from St. Petersburg.

The Home Secretary's prognostication of the course of Ministerial business was substantiated by Mr. Ritchie at Sheffield, and by Mr. W. H. Smith at the new Chelsea Conservative Club, on Monday, the Thirtieth of January. Whilst the First Lord of the Treasury laid stress, and no wonder, on the necessity of improving yet more the mode of conducting Parliamentary business, "and within reasonable hours," and defended the action of the Government all along the line, Mr. Ritchie also put the Reform of Procedure in the front of the Ministerial programme. He likewise repeated that the Government in the coming Session desires to legislate on Railway Rates, Employers' Liability, Limited Liability, Technical Education, and, "above all," on Local Government. As energetic and efficient President of the Local Government Board, the wish was probably father to the thought when Mr. Ritchie confidently said it was intended to introduce the last-named measure before Easter. We also have it from Mr. Ritchie that the Liberal Unionist Leaders are satisfied with the Bill, which is to greatly increase the powers of local bodies and reorganise them in England and Scotland (and Wales also, presumably), but is not to be extended to Ireland. It will be observed that there is no reference here to legislation on the land, imperatively though a sweeping change in the land laws is needed.

Lord Charles Beresford's place at the Admiralty has been taken by Rear-Admiral Hotham, C.B., and not by Admiral Tryon, as erroneously stated. It may be noted that in the two speeches Lord Charles Beresford has made since his resignation, the noble Lord, while maintaining his objection to the reduction of the vote for the Intelligence Department of the Admiralty, loyally continued his general support of the Government.

The Morley-Ripon demonstration in Dublin has been the most notable feature of the last week of the Recess; the enthusiastic welcome accorded in the Irish Capital to the Marquis of Ripon and Mr. John Morley being cited by Home Rulers as a set-off to the recent Hartington demonstration on the part of a considerable body of Irish Unionists.

The crusade against Home Rule members continues. Whilst Mr. William O'Brien is basking in the South of France, Mr. Patrick O'Brien has been sentenced to four months' imprisonment for contravening the Crimes Act, and Mr. J. R. Cox and Mr. Blane have been sentenced to the same term of incarceration. On the other hand, Mr. T. D. Sullivan has been released from Tullamore.

The vacancy in the Naval Intelligence Department, caused by the retirement of Major Poë, has been filled by the appointment of Captain J. F. Daniell.

Colonel Jardine Hallows, of the East Yorkshire Regiment, has been appointed Assistant Adjutant-General of Division of the Indian Army.

Sir Edward Cecil Guinness has forwarded to the Lord Mayor £600 towards the Gardens and Pleasure-Grounds (Mansion House) Fund.

Mr. Hewitt Poole Jellett, Q.C., has been appointed Irish Serjeant-at-Law, vacant by the promotion of Mr. Serjeant Madden. Mr. Jellett is a leader of the Chancery Bar.

Mr. Charles Archer Cook, barrister, has been appointed, under the provisions of the Charitable Trusts Act, 1887, an Assistant Charity Commissioner.

Inspector Horsley, of the A Division, who has been seventeen years an inspector in the police, the last three of which he has spent in the House of Commons, has been appointed to succeed Chief Inspector Denning at the Houses of Parliament.

M. Tisza, speaking in the Hungarian Chamber of Deputies, on Saturday, stated that his Government accepted the pacific assurances given by Russia, as far as they could consistently with due concern for the safety of the Monarchy. A Hungarian loan will shortly be issued in the form of Four per Cent Gold Rente, to the amount of thirty millions of florins.

The graceful series of Tableaux Vivants arranged by Mr. Edwin Drew for representation at Fotheringay during the Mary Queen of Scots Tercentenary Celebrations was repeated at the Balmoral Rooms, Bloomsbury, on Jan. 30, Miss Annie Parker appearing as the Queen and Mr. F. Owen Chambers as Rizzio.

The Portrait of the late Sir Robert Montgomery is from a photograph by Messrs. Maull and Fox, Piccadilly; that of General San Manzano, from one by Castellani, of Alessandria; that of Miss Ebba Munk, from one by Lindheborg, of Stockholm; and, in the medical "Consultation at San Remo," we have used photographs of Sir Morell Mackenzie, by Mr. J. Byrne, of Richmond; of Dr. Mark Hovell, by Mr. Barrand; and of Dr. Krause and Dr. Schröder, by T. Primm, of Berlin.

The Rev. Canon Whelpton, who founded St. Saviour's Church, Eastbourne, twenty-one years ago, and who has been Vicar the whole of that time without the payment of any salary, was on Jan. 30 presented with a service of plate costing about 300 gs. The Bishop of Bedford was present, together with the leading Sussex clergy, and the Bishop of Chichester sent a congratulatory letter on the work and self-sacrifice of Canon Whelpton.

The State banquet included in the programme of the festivities in celebration of the centenary of New South Wales was held in Sydney on Jan. 27, the Earl of Carnarvon, the Governors and Premiers of all the Australasian Colonies, and a numerous and representative company being present. Sir Henry Parkes proposed the principal toast of "Australasia, her trials and triumphs in the past, and her union and progress in the future." The Premier's speech was received with great enthusiasm. Among the speakers who followed were Lord Carnarvon and the Colonial Governors and Premiers. The banquet was a great success.

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13 ft. 0 in. by 9 ft. 0 in.	3 2 6
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SHIN YANGS CARRYING A TORPEDO.



PREPARING TO TAKE A PHOTOGRAPH.



PHOTOGRAPHING THE EXPLOSION.



NATIVES COLLECTING FISH AFTER THE EXPLOSION.

CHINESE SUBMARINE TORPEDO EXPERIMENTS.

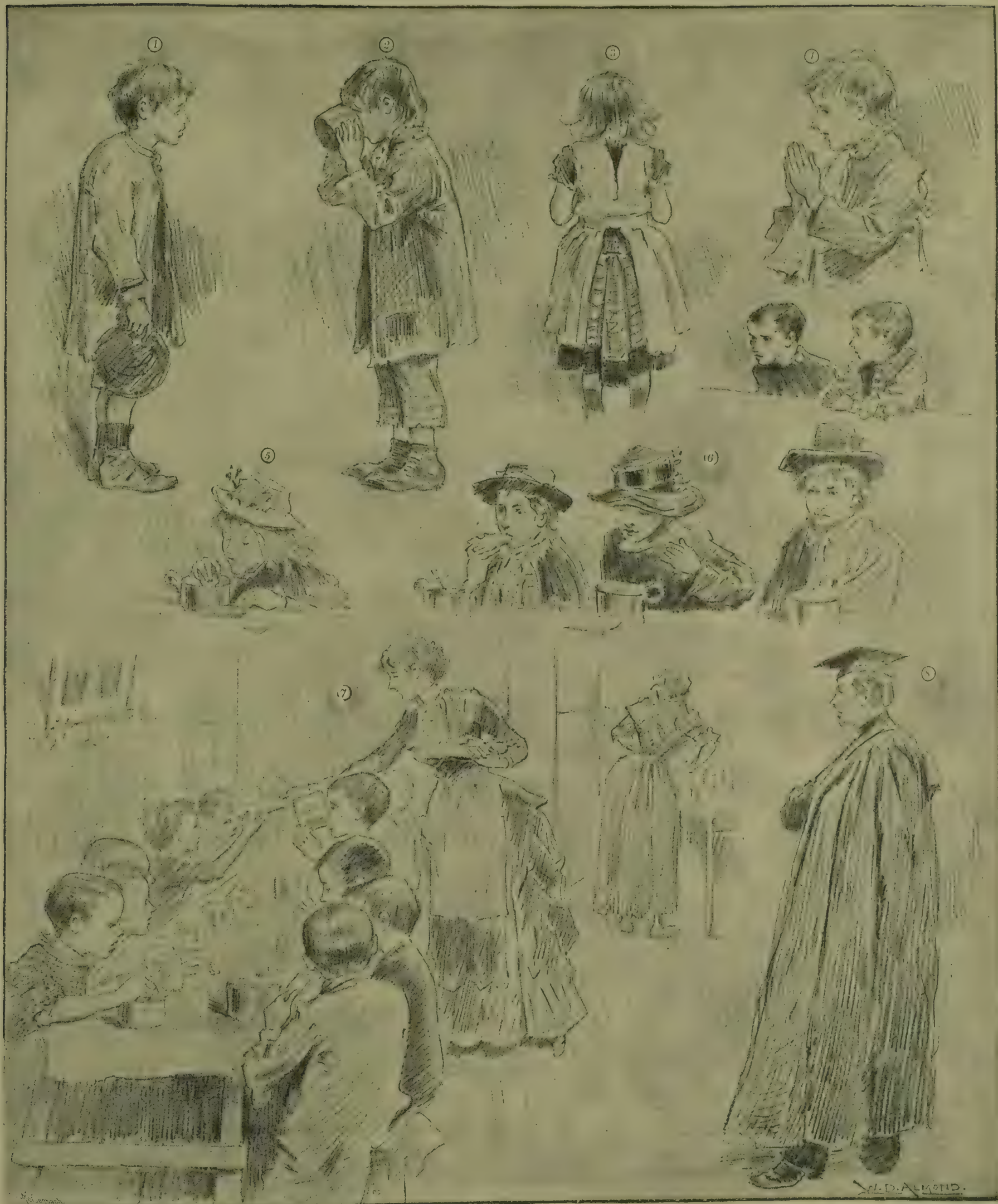


LORD DERBY CUTTING THE FIRST TURF OF THE ST. HELENS AND WIGAN RAILWAY, JAN. 28.



THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER.

FROM A PAINTING BY R. K. JOHNSON, R.W.S.



1. A new arrival.
2. The last drop.

3. Waiting her turn.
4. Saying grace.

5. Enjoying it.
6. Very hungry.

7. Bread for the boys.
8. The founder of the feast.

DINNERS FOR POOR BOARD-SCHOOL CHILDREN IN SHOREDITCH.

CHINESE TORPEDO EXPERIMENTS.

We present Sketches of torpedo experiments conducted last year by the Chinese Torpedo Department at Whampoa, near Canton. The department is under the charge of Mr. J. R. Betts, Associate Member of the Institute of Civil Engineers. It rendered most valuable assistance to the Chinese forts and batteries, in the defence of Canton, during the late Franco-Chinese War. One illustration shows four "Shin Yungs," or torpedo sailors, carrying an old-fashioned Chinese-made mechanical torpedo, loaded with 80 lb. of dynamite, from the magazine to the jetty. Another view is that of the explosion of the mine, fired electrically under fifteen feet of water. The explosion threw up a column of water about 120 ft. high, with a base of 150 ft. In a third view are seen the fishing-people and "sampans" picking up the fish which are always killed and wounded in large quantities by each explosion. The illustrations were furnished by Mr. Lester Betts, who also took the instantaneous photograph of the explosion; and the placing of his photographic camera in position, much to the

admiration of the Chinese, is the subject of one of our Sketches of this affair. The British naval squadron, consisting of H.M.S. Leander, H.M.S. Sapphire, and other ships, under command of Admiral Hamilton, was visiting the port of Whampoa at the time.

The new Bishop Suffragan for the diocese of London will take his title from Marlborough, and not, as previously announced, from Guildford.

In the matter of Lord Byron's centenary, Mrs. Crawshaw writes as follows:—"The sympathetic remarks of Mr. James Payn and your interesting article in your issue of Jan. 28, emboldens me to tell you that prizes to the amount of £40 for essays on set pieces from the works of Lord Byron are now offered for the fourth year, open to women-writers in English of all nations. The first prize for an essay on 'Lara' was taken last year by a lady in Amsterdam, and the second by a German lady resident in England." Full particulars of the current competition can be obtained from Mrs. Crawshaw, Cattidine, Bwlch, Breconshire.

FEEDING POOR SCHOOL-CHILDREN.

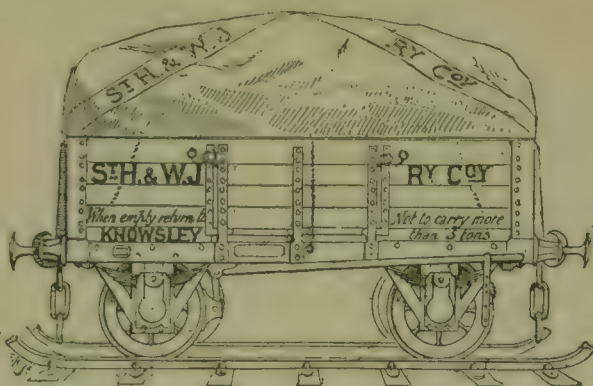
We gave last week some account of the free dinners provided daily for about four hundred children of the poorest class attending the Board schools, by the Rev. Osborne Jay, Vicar of Holy Trinity, Shoreditch; the tickets being distributed by the teachers of the schools to those children who really need to have food supplied to them. Our Sketches of the scenes at these dinners require no further comment; but it may again be observed that funds are necessary for this charitable undertaking, and that the Vicar is ready to accept them, and to explain his methods of proceeding.

Lord Brassey has made an abatement of 30 per cent on the year's rentals of his Sussex tenantry; and Mr. Granville Leveson-Gower, another extensive landowner in Sussex, has remitted to his tenants 10 per cent on the half-year.—Sir Tatton Sykes has made a return to his tenants on their last half-year's rents amounting to £1000, and has also permanently reduced some of his rents.

THE ST. HELENS AND WIGAN RAILWAY.

The Earl of Derby, whose seat at Knowsley Park is in the neighbourhood of the large manufacturing town of St. Helens, between Liverpool and Wigan, performed on Saturday, Jan. 28, the ceremony of cutting the first earth of the works of the St. Helens and Wigan Junction Railway. This line, which will give St. Helens direct communication with Liverpool, independent of the Liverpool and Manchester line of the London and North-Western Railway Company, is eighteen miles in length altogether; it will connect two portions of the system of the "Cheshire Lines Committee" in South Lancashire, by running from West Derby and Fazakerly, north of Liverpool, direct east to St. Helens, passing along the north side of Croxteth and Knowsley Parks; and from St. Helens it goes north-east, by Ashton-in-Makerfield, Haydock Park, and Golborne, to Lowton, near Wigan, on the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Company's line. The Bill to authorise part of its construction was passed by Parliament in 1885, and that for the second part in 1886. A public meeting at St. Helens, presided over by the Mayor, on Nov. 25 last year, expressed the great interest which that town feels in the project. St. Helens is the seat of glass manufactures hardly equalled in importance, of large copper and alkali works; and Haydock is the centre of a great coal district, producing yearly a million and a half tons of coal from the collieries of Messrs. R. Evans and Co., besides others now to be opened. The town itself, with its factories, consumes about three million tons of coal every year. The export trade of Liverpool includes a vast

amount of the products of St. Helens. It is expected that this district will also derive great advantages from the bringing of lime and limestone at cheaper rates by the Midland Railway,



CIGARETTE CASE PRESENTED TO LORD DERBY ON CUTTING THE FIRST TURF OF THE ST. HELENS RAILWAY.

with which, as well as with the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire, and with the Great Northern Railway, it will obtain direct connection. The agriculturists of the district,

and the principal landowners—Lord Derby, Lord Gerard, and Mr. W. J. Legh—have warmly approved the new line, which appears certain to be highly beneficial to all local interests. The engineers are Sir Douglas Fox and Sir Charles Metcalfe; the contractors are Messrs. S. W. Pilling and Co., of Manchester. Mr. H. Seton-Karr, M.P., is chairman of the company. The proceedings at the cutting of the first ground, near St. Helens Town-hall, are the subject of one of our illustrations. Lord Derby was presented with a token of remembrance, which was a cigarette case in the shape of a miniature railway-truck, made of oak and silver. There was a luncheon at the Townhall, where his Lordship made an instructive speech.

Mdlle. Henriette Murkens, the Dutch violinist, has had the honour of playing at Claremont by express wish of the Duchess of Albany.

Mr. C. E. Hallé and Mr. Comyns-Carr have completed the arrangements for the establishment of their new gallery in Regent-street, which will be opened in May.

Mr. Joseph Renals, one of the representatives of the ward of Aldersgate in the Common Council, has been elected Alderman of the ward, in the place of the late Sir J. Staples.

A mural monument to the late Walter Savage Landor, from the studio of Mr. James Forsyth, was on Jan. 30 unveiled in St. Mary's Church, Warwick. The inscription is as follows:—"Walter Savage Landor, born at Warwick, January 30, 1775. Died at Florence, 17th September, 1864."

DEATH.

At The Vicarage, Cootamundra, Australia, N.S.W., on Dec. 11, 1887, St. James Nigel Stuart, the loved child of Lilla and the Rev. J. Auchinleck Ross, aged 11 months. * * The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings.

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Now ready, THE ARGOSY for FEBRUARY, With the Continuation of THE STORY OF CHARLES STRANGE. By Mrs. HENRY WOOD. Author of "East Lynne," &c. Contents: 1. THE STORY OF CHARLES STRANGE. With an Illustration. Chapter IV.—In Essex-street. Chapter V.—Watts's Wife. Chapter VI.—Blanche Heriot. 2. MRS. S. C. HALL. By Alice King. 3. STORIES FROM THE STUDIOS: KATIE. A Reminiscence. By T. Field, R.A. 4. A VALENTINE. By E. Leith. 5. LETTERS FROM MAJORICA. By Charles W. Wood. 6. THE CAPTAIN'S CHARGE. By Lieut.-Col. Mahony, C.M.G. 7. BYGONE DAYS. 8. THROUGH DARKNESS TO LIGHT. A Bearnais Romance. By Elwyn Keith.

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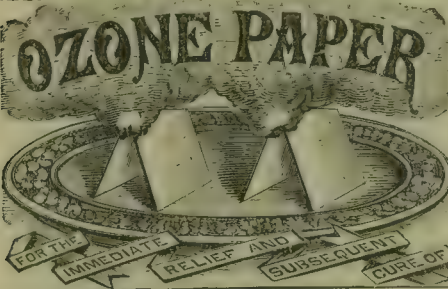
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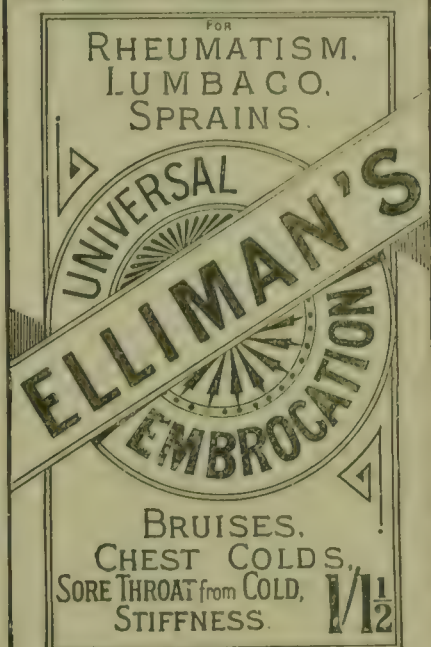
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and Friday during the months of February and March, when
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TUESDAY, FEB. 7.
Arrival of Carnival XVI., Grand Fête, Music, Electric Lights,
Illuminations, Bengal Fire, &c.
GRAND MASKED BALL.

THURSDAY, FEB. 9.
Grand Corso de Gala, BATTLE OF FLOWERS.
Grand Masked Ball.

SATURDAY, FEB. 11.
Grand Kermesse. Day and Night in Theatre.

SUNDAY, FEB. 12.
Grand Carnival Corso.
BATTLE OF CONFETTI AND FLOWERS.
Grand Mascarades and Amusements.
In the Evening, Grand Corso by Torchlight.
BATTLE OF FLOWERS.
No Confetti in the evening will be allowed.
Second Grand Masked Ball at Casino.

MONDAY, FEB. 13.
Second Day. Grand Corso and Gala, BATTLE OF FLOWERS
on the Promenade des Anglais.

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Last day of the Grand Carnival Corso and Battle of Confetti,
Mascarades, Distribution of Banners from Grand Stand,
General Illumination. Prizes, 25,000 francs. 1st
Prize, 10,000 francs.
Mascarades, twelve groups, eight prizes, 4,000 francs.
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Decorated Balconies, or row of at least Five Windows.
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ILFRACOMBE, Devonshire, as a desirable
WINTER RESORT, occupies first place for mild, equal, and
dry climate (See Royal Meteorological Society's Record).
Mean Temperature for Nov., Dec., Jan., Feb. .. 44°
Mean Range



THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A HOUSE-BOAT.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER VI.

"Ah, I remember well—and how can I But evermore remember well—when first Our flame began, when scarce we knew what was The flame we felt; when as we sat and sighed, And looked upon each other, and conceived Not what we ailed, yet something we did ail, And yet were well, and yet we were not well, And what was our disease we could not tell. Then would we kiss, then sigh, then look: and thus In that first garden of our simpleness We spent our childhood. But when years began To reap the fruit of knowledge, ah, how then Would she with sterner looks, with graver brow Check my presumption and my forwardness! Yet still would give me flowers, still would show What she would have me, yet not have me, know."



THIS world of young summer foliage

age was thirsting for rain; you could have imagined that the

pendulous leaves of the lime-trees, hardly moving in the light airs of the morning, were whispering among themselves, and listening for the first soft patterings of the longed-for shower. They were likely to get it, too. The

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swifts and swallows were flying low over the river; the sky was a uniform pale white, without any definite trace of cloud; there was a feeling of moisture in the faint-stirring wind. It was when we were passing Holme Park that it began—a few touches on hand or cheek, almost imperceptible, then heavier drops striking on the glassy surface of the stream, each with its little bell of air, and widening circle around it. There was an immediate call for waterproofs. Mrs. Threepenny-bit, when she was encased in hers, with the big hood over her head, looked amazingly like one of the mountain dwarfs in "Rip van Winkle"; Miss Peggy, on the other hand, wore a grey driving-coat that suited very well her tall and elegant figure, and also she had a grey Tam o' Shanter, which she declared was impervious to the wet. The four of us were now together in the stern—Murdoch being engaged in the pantry; and it has before been observed by certain people who have large experience of weather that rain is a great promoter of good-comradeship, fellow-sufferers appearing to combine for the very purpose of defying the elements, and cheating themselves into the belief that they are enjoying themselves very much indeed. The illusion is more likely to be maintained when the waterproofs are sound.

On this occasion Jack Duncombe was entertaining us with a lively account of certain gaieties and festivities that had taken place just before he left town, and also with notes and anticipations of the season then entering on its full swing. All this talk—into which well-known names were freely introduced—was naturally very interesting to our young American visitor; and she listened with a perfect attention. Of course he was far better qualified than simply country folk like ourselves to inform her ingenuous mind upon such matters; and she paid him every heed; and seemed to regard him with favour. Perhaps, to one or other of us, this echo of the great roar of the London season may have sounded strangely in these still solitudes, with nothing around us but whispering rain and shimmering water and the constantly-moving landscape; but Miss Peggy was a young woman with a healthy and natural interest in all kinds of social affairs; and she was pleased to hear all this about balls, and drawing-rooms, and pastoral plays, and private views, and famous beauties and their costumes. He had his reward, too. Addressing her almost exclusively, he was privileged to look at her as much as he chose; and it has been remarked before in these pages, once or twice, that Miss Peggy's eyes were distinctly good-natured. Moreover, he talked more freely to her now; and was gradually resuming—of course, within respectful limits—his usual audacity of manner.

Incidentally, he mentioned the banjo craze, and made merry over the number of people, among his own acquaintance, who, with a light heart, had set about learning to play, and who had suddenly been brought up short, through want of ear or some other cause.

"I had a try myself," he said modestly; "but I soon got to the end of my tether."

"But you play a little?" she said.

"Oh! yes: a little—in a mechanical sort of way. It isn't everybody has the extraordinary lightness of touch that you have."

"I am not a player at all," she said, "I am only a strummer. Anyhow, my banjo wants a thorough tuning some time or other, and I should be so much obliged to you

if you would help me—if you would screw up the pegs while I tune the strings; it is much easier so."

"I think my knowledge of the instrument will go as far as that," said he gravely.

"You know I meant no such thing," she said, laughing; and then she continued, with a fine air of carelessness: "What do you say to having it done now? If you will bring the banjo."

"Not into the rain," he protested; for a much less ready-witted young man than he could not have failed to perceive the chance before him. "No; we will go into the saloon, and have a thorough overhauling of the strings. It will be a capital way of passing the time, for I don't see much prospect of the weather clearing at present."

She was quite obedient. She rose, and shook the rain-drops from her sleeves and skirts, and passed through the door that he had courteously opened for her, he immediately following. When they had thus disappeared, Queen Tita was left alone with the steersman.

"That young man had better take care," she remarked significantly.

"Why, what have you to say against her now? Did you ever see anyone behave better—more simply and frankly and straightforwardly?"

"If you only know, it is when Peggy is best behaved that she is most dangerous," was the dark answer. "She doesn't take all that trouble for nothing, you may be sure. Well behaved? Oh! yes; she is well behaved—she is a great deal too well behaved. The guileless eyes, and her courtesy, and her charming manner. Why, last night she listened to him with as much reverence as if he were Mr. Spencer!"

"I suppose that was what you and she were quarrelling about, then?"

"We weren't quarrelling; but I asked her not to pretend to be too much of a simple innocent. I knew what she was after. Tennessee?—oh, dear no! No Tennessee before Mr. Duncombe. Properly-conducted young ladies don't sing Dr. Watts's hymns with a chorus of, 'Carry me back to old Tennessee.'"

"And that is the way a woman talks about her friend!"

"It isn't altogether her fault either. What I complain of is this—when you had all kinds of objections to Peggy's coming with us, I said that I was willing to take her as my own particular companion. If you were dissatisfied with her, I said she was good enough for me; and that was the arrangement. But what is the state of affairs now? Why, you two men monopolise her the whole day long. If it isn't the one of you, it's the other; and, of course, it doesn't matter to Peggy which of you it is, or whether it is either of you, so long as it is somebody she can carry on with. When there are no men about she is nice as nice can be."

"The fact is simply that you want her all to yourself, and are outrageously jealous of the smallest bit of attention she pays to anyone else; and you accuse her of 'carrying on' when she is merely decently civil to anyone who is talking to her."

"Decently civil! Too civil by half!"

"And you think she doesn't see through you, and know how to humour you? Why, it's a high comedy to watch her taking you in hand, whenever she thinks it necessary, and stroking and petting you into a good temper, just as if you

were a baby; only you are a good deal more amenable than a baby when it is Peggy that pets you."

"I repeat, that when there are no men about she is just as nice as nice can be. She is an honest, frank, good girl, and very kind and affectionate; but directly men come along she gets mischief into her head, for it amuses her to see them make fools of themselves. And if they could only look at themselves in a mirror!"

"I thought that was the occupation of a woman. Who was it who said that the only furniture a woman wanted in a room was ten mirrors and a powder-puff?"

"Nobody ever said anything so ridiculous. You are always inventing spiteful things about women, and putting them down to some imaginary French philosopher. You think I don't know better!"

"You know everything; and so, perhaps, you can tell me how long it takes to tune up a banjo?"

They certainly were an unconscionable time about it. The rain had almost ceased now; different lights were appearing in the sky—warm greys that had a cheerful look about them; and the birds had resumed their singing, filling all the air with a harmonious music. We crossed the mouth of the river Kennet, thus beginning the long loop which we hoped to complete by means of the Thames, Severn, Avon, and Kennet, with the intermediate canals, until we should return to this very spot. As we went by Reading, however, our hopes for fine weather were for the moment dashed; a "smurr" came over, and the thin veil of the shower toned down the colours of the red houses, the meadows golden with buttercups, the bronze foliage of the poplars, the various greens of willow and elm and chestnut, and the shadowy blue of the distant and low-lying hills. Perhaps it ought to be explained that, standing on the gunwale of a house-boat enables one to see an immeasurably wider stretch of landscape than when one is rowing; and the board that we had placed across for the convenience of the steersman could always accommodate two or three people standing side by side. And so (while that banjo seemed to take a lot of tuning) we went on through the phantasmal atmosphere, watching the few signs of life that were visible in the still world around us. A large heron rose suddenly, his long legs dangling beneath him; but soon he had these securely tucked up, and was sailing away on his heavy-flapping wings. A peewit, with startled cry and erratic flight, jerked himself into the higher air. A moor-hen, disturbed by the tow-rope, went whirring across the river; and we could see in the rushes the nest she had left, with her brood of young ones in it. As for excitement and occupation on this rather idle day, these were always afforded us by the considerate carelessness of the Thames Conservators, for the towing-line was continually catching up on some broken stump or unyielding willow, and only a wild yell to *Palinurus* saved us, on these occasions, from being dragged bodily on to the bank.

Nearing Purley, the tow-path twice crosses the river; and now Jack Duncombe appears at the bow, and gets hold of the long pole, while Miss Rosslyn comes along and joins her friends aft.

"I had no idea it had left off raining," she observes innocently.

"I hope you got the banjo properly tuned," one of us says to her.

"Oh, yes; it is much better now," she answers pleasantly and with an artless air. "But Mr. Duncombe was too modest. He can play very fairly indeed. He played two or three things just to try the banjo, and I was quite surprised."

"Oh, you can give him some lessons, Peggy," her friend says; but the young lady won't look her way; and the sarcasm—if any was intended—is lost.

Now, it was at our second crossing—to the Berkshire side—that a small incident occurred of which we did not get the explanation till nightfall. Having to wait a little while for the horse coming over on the ferry-boat, we landed and loitered about under some magnificently tall black poplars near to the river's side. Miss Peggy was talking, in the most casual way, about nothing in particular, to the voracious chronicler of these events, when something happened, or was perceived, that seemed to afford Queen Tita much covert amusement. The twopenny-halfpenny secret, whatever it was, was imparted to Jack Duncombe, as we could see.

"What is she laughing at?" says Miss Peggy.

"Goodness only knows. The diversions of Purley, perhaps. I don't see much reason for gaiety about the place, or about the weather either."

"If you want to find out, do you know how?" says Miss Peggy, with an engaging smile. "All you have to do is to refrain from asking. If you ask them, they will make a mystery of it. If you don't ask, you may be certain they will speak about it—they couldn't keep their enjoyment to themselves."

There seemed to be a modicum of wisdom in these observations of this innocent-eyed young thing; and so not a word was said as we got on board and resumed our peaceful progress through this still and silvery-grey day. The rain had stopped; the birds had begun again; and steadily the prow of the Nameless Barge kept cutting in twain the lakelike reflections on the smooth surface of the river.

We stopped for luncheon a little above Whitchurch Lock, and moored so close in among the willows that one or two branches appeared at the open window of the saloon, making rather a pretty decoration there. Then we went on and past the beech woods of Basildon. Everywhere there was a grey mist after the rain; but all the same there was a faint light on the tops of the trees that seemed to suggest the possibility of the sun breaking through those pallid skies.

It was here that Mrs. Threepenny-bit's jealousy declared itself. She seemed to think (and perhaps not unnaturally) that these two young people had had quite enough of each other's society; and may have thought it was hardly fair she should be so entirely deprived of her own chosen companion. So she comes along to the stern-sheets, where Miss Peggy and Jack Duncombe are talking together, overlooked but unheeded by the steersman, who, indeed, has enough to do with the recurrent obstructions on the bank.

"Peggy," she says, "would you like to do a human being a great kindness?"

"Why, yes," the young lady answers instantly. "What is it? Who is it?"

"It's Murdoch, poor fellow. He wouldn't utter a word of complaint or disappointment, you know—not for worlds; but I do believe he would rather be a deck hand on board the Dunara Castle than get double wages on board a thing like this. Now, come along, Peggy, and we'll cheer him up a bit. We'll pretend to be on board a yacht."

Miss Peggy jumps to her feet with alacrity; she may have many evil qualities, but a want of good-nature is not amongst them.

"But how?" she says, putting her hand on her friend's shoulder.

"I'll show you," is the answer; and the women disappear together.

"Now," says the steersman of this unjustly-despised vessel to his sole remaining companion, "do you want a word of friendly advice?"

"Certainly."

"Very well. Listen and take heed. This night at dinner, whenever you see anything that looks particularly deadly—magenta-coloured jellies, dark devices in the way of lobster, mushroom patties, olives stuffed with bacon—I say, whenever you see anything that looks absolutely fatal, you must seize on it and eat it boldly—never mind the consequences—and as boldly must you praise it. Now remember. You have been warned. Never mind what happens to you. You've got to do it."

"Well," says he, looking rather bewildered, "I suppose a man can't die better than by facing fearful odds—though doing that in a game of billiards is more in my line. But really, if I am to rush upon death in this way, I should like to know what for?"

"What for? Haven't you got eyes and ears? Didn't you see these two women go away? Didn't you hear them say they were going to pretend to be on board a yacht? And don't you know what is happening at this moment? They have got the table in the saloon covered over with cloths; and Murdoch is taking them flour, and butter, and jam, and lobster, and grated cheese, and nutmeg, and caviare, and olives, and I don't know what; and soon they'll be engaged in turning out kromeskis, and rissoles, and croquettes, and every kind of poisonous invention of the devil. What's more, now they've begun, they'll go on. How long do you expect to survive?"

"I don't know," said he. "I can stand a good deal. Some constitutions are pretty wiry. They say there was a sepoy at the end of the Indian Mutiny who was to be blown from a gun; and he was so tough that, when the cannon was fired, his body merely stretched out and let the ball go by, and when



Palinurus.

they came to untie him, he collapsed again, and was quite well; and they were so disgusted they could do nothing but give him a kick and send him off."

"The story is a little improbable, but, no doubt, true. However, that sepoy had never sailed in a boat with two amateur cooks on board."

"I think I can score here," the young man said, thoughtfully; but he would not explain further, and one could only guess that he was contemplating a mean and cowardly breach of confidence.

Indeed, we were well rid of those women; for we found the towing-path at this part of the river—especially after we crossed at Moulsoford Ferry—to be in a most disgraceful state of neglect, and we were continually getting into trouble with broken fences, posts, and willow-stumps. It must be admitted, however, that we were ourselves partly responsible for these calamities. For one thing, our towing-line should have been attached to the top of the "house," instead of to the bow of the boat (most of the canal barges have a mast or pole for the purpose), and the increased height thus gained would have enabled us to clear at least some of the obstructions. For another, *Palinurus* had a habit of keeping his gaze fixed on the far future; he seemed to consider that, so long as he could urge *Coriolanus* onward, he had no concern with anything that was happening behind. The worst of it was that a single hitch generally begat several hitches; for when once one of the broken posts or impenitent bushes had caused the Nameless Barge to "run her nozzle agin the bank," there was a difficulty in getting proper steering-way on her, and a consequent risk of further entanglements. However, we encountered these delays with patience, and crept on by Little Stoke, and Chokey, and towards Winterbrook; while the tinkling notes of "I'll meet her when the sun goes down" told us one of two things—either that the labours of the amateur cooks were ended, or that those two people had stolen away on false pretences, to have a confabulation together.

"Do you know, that is a very interesting girl," says Jack Duncombe, reflectively, as he listens to the banjo.

"Indeed?"

"Oh, very," he repeats with decision.

"I don't know much about her myself. I have been told by a friend of hers that she is as characterless as a woman in a fashion-plate."

"Well, you see," observed this profound student of mankind, "all Americans are interesting in a way. You never know what strain of blood may reveal itself; and probably the American himself couldn't tell you; so there is always a possibility of surprise. He may be descended from one of Captain

John Smith's 'broken men'—the adventurers and desperadoes who went to the South; or he may have the sour Puritanical leaven in him, and, in spite of his nineteenth-century manner and clothes, be at heart an intolerant bigot and persecutor, if he had the chance. Or he may have French blood in his veins, or Spanish, or even a drop of Red Indian. You never know how it may develop itself."

"Your interest in Miss Peggy, then, is purely ethnological?" one asks of him, merely for the sake of information. "Oh, well," he says, after a quick glance of suspicion, "she is a very nice girl besides that. I was talking of Americans in general."

"And from what kind of stock do you suppose Miss Peggy is descended?"

"Of course I can't tell; but I know she was very much pleased when I told her that the Rosslyn family here spell their name just as her family do. She only knew it in connection with Roslin Abbey; and thought it had got corrupted in America. She says she doesn't know where her people originally came from."

"From the Garden of Eden, I suppose."

"I can imagine her delight if you could show her that her family were settled in some part of this country even three hundred years ago. And as for the Conquest!"

"But the name is a little older than that, my young friend. *Ross* and *lyn* are two British words—the meadow of the pool or waterfall they mean, if that is any news to you."

"It is extraordinary the interest she takes in anything that's old," continues this young man, who seems to have been using his opportunities of studying Miss Peggy's character, or no-character, with some diligence. "Old furniture, old jewellery, old buildings, anything that has been handed down from former times. And she is so anxious to know how people lived then; and whether their present descendants are like them in any way; and whether the representatives of the great families of England are different from the ordinary people one meets. You should hear her talk about the Tower, and Westminster Abbey. I think it was the historical characters in Shakespeare that captivated her imagination, to begin with; I fancy that has had a good deal to do with it."

"So you have been engaged in teaching her English history?"

"No," says this impertinent boy; "I leave that to my elders and betters." And there is a flash of delight in his grey eyes at getting this easy chance. Of course there is no reply. Babies in sarcasm should be encouraged rather than crushed.

We moored at Wallingford that night; and by the time that dinner was ready it was dark enough to have the lamps and candles lit. And perhaps, as we sat in this little room—and observed our young dramatist's feeble efforts to guess at what dishes were the handiwork of the amateur cooks—the place looked all the more snug that the pattering of the rain on the roof was continuously audible. It seemed a familiar sound, somehow. We had heard it, in similar circumstances, in very far out-of-the-way places indeed. How could we tell—seated in this little cabin—with the blinds drawn and the doors shut—but that outside were the mist-hung cliffs of Bourne, and the dark solitudes of Loch-na-Keel? Perhaps, if one were to step forth into that dismal world of rain one might peer through it for the red ray of Rona lighthouse. Or, perhaps, there might be heard the muffled thunder of the western seas surging into the caves of Staffa, or the distant murmur of the tides where Corvreckan seethes and whirls along the Scarba rocks? We knew nothing of Wallingford; Wallingford was but a name to us. Here was a cabin, comfortably lit and snug, and here was a small group of friends sufficiently well interested in each other; and these immediate surroundings were independent of such external things as we could not see. But if Queen Tita had imagined that at that moment she could have caught a glimpse of the piercing white light of Lismore, be sure she would not have been sitting. In one swift second she would have been out and on deck, despite the heaviest rain that ever poured.

"Sufficiently well interested in each other"—the phrase seems inadequate to the occasion. For had we not with us a person whose ethnological antecedents might spring a surprise on us at any moment? One began to wonder how the strain of blood would manifest itself. Would she unexpectedly leap upon us and endeavour to scalp one or other of us with a fruit-knife? Would she incoherently clamour for another Bartholomew Massacre? Or begin to sing psalms through her nose? These and other possibilities—young Shakespeare had said they were possibilities—were somewhat bewildering, but, as a matter of fact, at this instant, the Ethnological Curiosity was calmly carving a slice of pine-apple; and her eyes were cast down; and she was listening to Jack Duncombe, and the smile that hung about her rosebud mouth seemed to say that she was being amiably entertained by her companion. For the rest, she wore on this evening certain swathes of pale pink and pale yellow muslin that came round her neck, and were fastened at her waist; and anything more cool and summer-like could not be imagined.

Dinner over, the two women-folk retired to the upper end of the saloon, next to the big window; and Mrs. Threepenny-bit took down the banjo, and, without a word, handed it to Miss Peggy.

"Ah, I know what will fetch you," the girl said, with a not unkindly smile.

She struck a few low notes of introduction, and then began—"Once in the dear dead days beyond recall." It was an air that suited her contralto voice admirably; and when she came to the refrain—"Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low,"—she sang that with a very pretty pathos indeed; inasmuch that, when she had ended, Queen Tita did not thank her with any speech, but she put her hand within the girl's arm instead, and let it remain there. With her disengaged arm Miss Peggy held out the banjo.

"You, now," she said to Mr. Duncombe, in her frank way.

He took the banjo from her, of course.

"Oh, I can't sing," he said; "but I'll try to give you some idea of a rather quaint little ballad that most people know of; though very few have heard the whole of it, I imagine. Of course you have seen the play of 'The Green Bushes'?"

Miss Peggy had not.

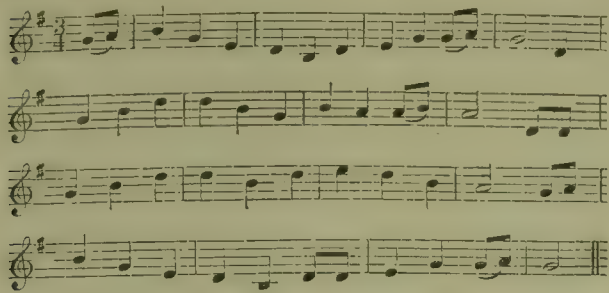
"Oh, well, it is an old-fashioned melodrama that used to be very popular—perhaps it is now, when it is revived. I won't describe it to you; but there is one part of it in which a young girl goes away in search of her foster-sister, whom she has lost; and she wanders through all the towns and villages in Ireland singing a song that both of them knew, until the foster-sister hears her, and rushes to the window. I think it is a very affecting bit, myself. I'm not ashamed to say that it has made me cry like a baby, though Miami, the real heroine of the piece, doesn't seem to impress me much. Well, now, this is the song the girl sings. The fact is, I—"

He hesitated for a second.

"—I once knew a young actress who used to play the part, and I asked her to give me the words; and she wrote them down for me as far as she knew them."

Possibly one or other of us may have been guessing that

perhaps there existed another reason for his interest in things theatrical besides his thirst for fame; but he had already begun to strum out, in a more or less effective fashion, some such air as this:—



And then he sang, with good expression, if with no great voice—

It's I was a-walking one morning in May
To hear the birds singing and see lambskins play,
I espied a young damsel, so sweetly sung she,
Down by the Green Bushes where she chanced to meet me.

"Remember," said he, "the words were written down from memory, and I may have got them all wrong."
Then he went on—

"Oh why are you loitering here, pretty maid!"
"I'm waiting for my true love," softly she said;
"Shall I be your true love, and will you agree
To leave the Green Bushes and follow with me?"

"I'll buy you fine beavers and fine silken gowns,
I'll give you smart petticoats flounced to the ground,
I'll buy you fine jewels, and live but for thee,
If you'll leave your own true love and follow with me."

"The flounced petticoats make me think the ballad must be old," said the troubadour; and he continued:—

"Oh, I want not your beavers, nor your silks, nor your hose,
For I'm not so poor as to marry for clothes;
But if you'll prove constant and true unto me,
Why, I'll leave the Green Bushes and follow with thee.

Come, let us be going, kind sir, if you please,
Oh, let us be going from under these trees,
For yonder is coming my true love I see,
Down by the Green Bushes where he was to meet me."

And it's when he came there and found she was gone,
He was nigh heart-broken, and cried out forlorn—
"She has gone with another and forsaken me,
And left the Green Bushes where she used to meet me!"

"Well, now, I call that just delightful!" Miss Peggy cried at once. "Why, I haven't heard anything so quaint and pretty for many a day! Just delightful, I call it. Mr. Duncombe, it is always a shame to steal people's songs, and especially this one, that is in a kind of way your own property; but really I should like to take it back home with me. Would you mind singing it over to me some other time—I think I could remember it."

"But I will copy it out for you!" he said instantly.

"It would be too much trouble," she rather faint-heartedly suggested

"It would give me a great deal of pleasure to copy it out for you," said he, quite earnestly; and she thanked him, with her eyes cast down.

We had some further playing and singing (but no "Tennessee"; oh, no, she was too well behaved; the time was not yet) and by-and-by the hour arrived for our retiring to our several bunks. All this afternoon and evening Mrs. Three-penny-bit—our Mrs. Three-penny-bit she ought to be called, as she is a partner in the firm, and, indeed, gives herself as many airs as if she were the whole firm in her own proper person—had had no opportunity of revealing the cause of her sinister laughter at Purley; and indeed the person to whom Miss Peggy had confided her prediction had forgotten all about the matter. Just before our final separating for the night, however, that opportunity chanced to occur; and then Miss Peggy's prophecies came true.

"I suppose you didn't notice what happened at Purley?" she says.

"I saw you grinning like a fiend, that was all."

"Of course, you weren't aware that when Peggy and you were standing under those big poplars, there was a bunch of mistletoe right over your heads."

"I was not aware of it; but if I had been, what difference would that have made?"

"Why, none, of course, as far as you are concerned. You wouldn't have dared. But we were thinking, supposing Peggy had discovered it, what a horrible fright she would have got."

"Indeed. And so you at once assume that mistletoe grows in America; and you are also quite sure that Miss Peggy knows what it means?"

"What?" she says, as she prepares to slip back again into the saloon. "Peggy not know? Peggy not know what a branch of mistletoe means? I wonder what there is in that direction that Peggy doesn't know?"

Well, well. Man's inhumanity to man has often been bewailed by the poets; but man's inhumanity to man is the veriest milk and honey compared to the inhumanity which a woman, without the least hesitation or scruple, will inflict on her so-called bosom-friend.

(To be continued.)

The warrant and non-commissioned officers, 2nd Life Guards, will hold their annual ball on Friday, Feb. 24, at Willis's Rooms.

The Sheffield School of Art have been holding their annual conversazione, and listening to an interesting address from Mr. Armstrong, the director for art of the Science and Art Department. In the course of his lecture Mr. Armstrong gave a remarkable account of a night school in Milan, where, though the working day is very long, he saw 600 men, young and middle aged, carvers, masons, painters, joiners, fitters, and such like, in their working clothes and clean enough as to their hands and faces, working away at the different kinds of drawing and modelling which would be of use to them in their respective trades.

The symphonion, newly patented by Ellis Parr and Paul Lochman, has a manifest advantage over other musical boxes. By an ingenious contrivance, it can be made to play any number of tunes. A perforated steel disc is placed inside the symphonion, and an inspiring German waltz is struck up, the infectious air being marked clearly enough to dance to in a small room. This disc is replaced by another, and a favourite overture is played; and so on ad infinitum. Already, about one hundred and fifty discs are available, comprising a selection of popular songs, marches, waltzes, galops, national hymns, operatic airs, gavottes, and polka-mazurkas. New tunes are to be added to the collection. As it is claimed for the symphonion that it "brings harmony into every household," the popularity of this handsome new musical box should be assured. The symphonion is supplied in three sizes by the Symphonion Company, 13, Moorgate-street, E.C.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

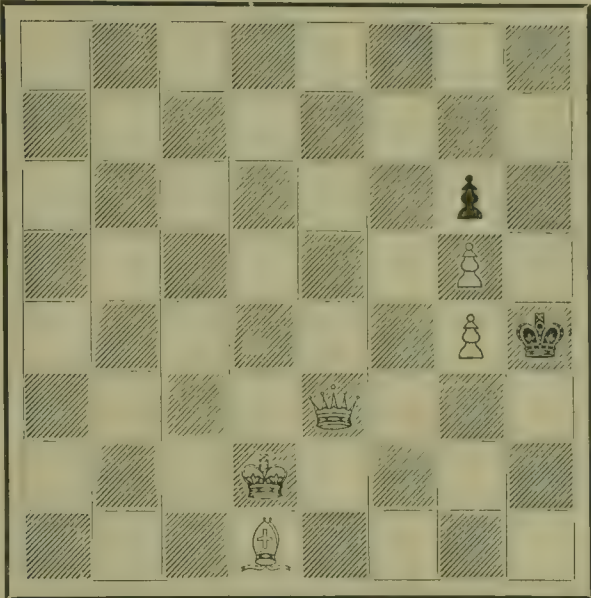
Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor. Mrs. K (Lifton).—We congratulate you on your success with No. 2284. B W L (New York).—Now that the problems are on diagrams, they shall have early attention. E B S (Hampstead).—The problems shall be carefully examined. Mr. A C WISSENDER, 73, Maison Dieu-road, Dover, will be glad to play "Amateur" by correspondence. H G W (Regent-street).—Your notation is unintelligible to us. Describe the position on a diagram, in the ordinary way. CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2281 received from J W Shaw (Montreal): of Nos. 2282 and 2283 from Lady Thomas (Constantinople); of No. 2284 from W H D (Woburn), Von Beverlocht, Earpington, G J Yeale, E G Boys; of No. 2281 from Dr. F St., Simplex, Fairholme, G J Yeale, B H Cochrane, W J Hunnux (Geneva), Emile Frau, and Mrs. Kelly (Lifton). CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2285 received from W R Rathbone, Alpha, H R A, G W Law, T G (Ward), Major De Chard, Jupiter Jun or, R L Southwell, A Hunter, W H D or, Simplex, E Biscay, D McGee, R Tweedell, Parhol, C, C Darrach, G J Yeale, E G Boys, N S Harris, Bernard Reynolds, Joseph Ambworth, L Wyman, Commodore W L Martin, R N S Bullen, R H Brooks, L Sharwood, Ernest Sharwood, L Hopworth Shaw, A C Hind, A C W Dover, O to Fuller (Ghent), Ben Nevis, Shalforth, Dane John, J Bryson, Emile Frau, Pierhouse, R F N Banks, E Featherstone, E E H, L Falcon (Antwerp), E Lomen, and Lieutenant-Colonel Hugh W Pearson.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2284.

WHITE. 1. P to R 5th. 2. Q to R 3rd. 3. Q or Kt Mates. BLACK. P to Kt 6th. Any move. NOTE.—If Black play 1. K to K 5th, White continues with 2. Q to K sq (ch); if 1. P to Q 6th, then 2. Q to B 5th (ch), and mates next move.

PROBLEM No. 2287.

By J. PIERCE, M.A. (From the forthcoming work, "Chess Analysis.") BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

One of eight games played by Mr. BLACKBURN, simultaneously and sans voir, at Hull, on Jan. 14 last. His opponent at this board was Miss THOROLD.

(Q Kt Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. B.) 1. P to K 4th. 2. Kt to Q B 3rd. 3. P to K B 4th. 4. P takes P. 5. P to Q 4th. 6. Kt to B 3rd. 7. B to Q 3rd. 8. Castles. 9. Q Kt to K 2nd. 10. Kt to Kt 3rd. 11. P to B 3rd. 12. Kt to R 4th. 13. Q to K sq. 14. P to K R 3rd. 15. Q takes Kt. 16. B to K B 4th. BLACK (Miss T.) 1. P to K 4th. 2. Kt to Q B 3rd. 3. Kt to B 3rd. 4. Q Kt takes P. 5. Kt to K 3rd. 6. B to Kt 5th. 7. P to Q 3rd. 8. P to K R 3rd. 9. P to Q B 3rd. 10. Kt to K 2nd. 11. B to R 4th. 12. B to Kt 5th. 13. Kt to R 4th. 14. Kt takes Kt. 15. B to K 3rd. WHITE never recovers the loss of the piece and this conclusion of the Queen from active play. 18. Q R 2nd. 19. Q R to K sq. 20. B takes Kt. 21. P to K 5th. 22. B to K 4th. 23. K to R sq. 24. R to B 6th. The ending is conducted with great skill and judgment by Miss Thorold. 25. Q R to K B sq. 26. P to K 6th. 27. Q takes P. 28. Q takes P. 29. P to Q 5th. 30. B takes P. 31. R takes P (ch). 32. R takes Q (ch). White resigned.

A few selections from the Bohemian collection just published at Prague. No lover of problems should be without this book:—

By JAN DOBRUSKY.

White: K at Q B 2nd, Q at K 2nd, R at Q B 6th, Kt at Q Kt square. (Four pieces.) Black: K at Q R 5th, Rs at Q R 4th and Q Kt 5th; Pawns at Q Kt 7th and Q B 6th. (Five pieces.)

White to play and mate in two moves.

White: K at Q Kt 7th, Q at K Kt 4th, R at Q 4th, B at Q 8th; Pawns at Q 2nd, Q B 4th, and Q Kt 4th. (Seven pieces.) Black: K at K 4th, R at K B 7th, B at K 2nd. (Three pieces.)

White to play and mate in two moves.

A match for the Surrey trophy was played on Jan. 27 between the clubs of Brixton and South Norwood. Of the nine games played Brixton won two, Norwood one, and six were drawn.

The £2000 guarantee fund for the Royal Agricultural Society's Jubilee show at Windsor has been promised.

The Board of Works have communicated with the secretary of the Galway Reafforesting Committee intimating that they are prepared to advance money for reafforesting purposes, to be refunded by a twenty-two years' rent-charge of 6½ per cent.

The London Corporation have selected for the civic presentation to the Princess of Wales, on the celebration of the Royal Silver Wedding in March next, a model in silver of the Imperial Institute, designed by Messrs. Elkington and Co., which will cost 500 guineas.

The Queen has approved of the appointment of Mr. Arthur M. Channell, Q.C., of the South-Eastern Circuit, to the Recordship of Rochester, in succession to Mr. Francis Barrow, who resigned the office after holding it for upwards of twenty years. Mr. Channell is the only son of the late Baron Channell.

Mr. Raikes, Postmaster-General, attending the annual dinner of the Wolverhampton Chamber of Commerce, described the arrangements which have been made, or are in contemplation, for the carriage of the Eastern and Australian mails. It is proposed to apply a saving effected in the Indian and China service to the purpose of perfecting and completing the Australian service, and it is hoped that the rate of postage for Australian letters may be reduced.

Mr. Samson Fox, C.E., the founder of the Leeds Forge Company, has given £30,000 to the Royal College of Music. This sum will be expended upon the building of a permanent home for the institution upon a piece of land at Kensington to be granted by the Commissioners of the 1851 Exhibition, and in close proximity to the Imperial Institute. Other land adjacent will be reserved in order that additional structures may be erected on either side of the main building.

IN A LOCH-SIDE COTTAGE.

Draw the curtains, my dear, and stir the fire till the flames leap flickering up the chimney, and the blithe lights and shadows dance upon wall and ceiling. Do you hear the long sigh of the wind outside? The leafless ash-trees about the school-house over the way will be swaying their ghostly branches in the moonlight. The rain is off, surely, for it has ceased pattering on the window; but the loch below will be white to-night with streaks of foam. There will be no need to go out again, however; and the bright brass kettle sings of comfort by the fire. Tea is never so pleasant as when it is enjoyed by the red, glad some firelight, and this last cup is ore to linger and be happy over.

It was a good and sensible thought for folk of slender means to come to this little dwelling in a far-off quiet place. Hundreds of young fellows every year, weary of the struggle to keep up appearances, and willing to live simply if they were allowed, rush off to "rough it" in the far west or the far south. Ten times better would it be for most of them, and a great deal better for their country, if they did that roughing in a milder way at home. A few of them, of course, make fortunes abroad, and that one chance in a thousand must be counted an attraction. But fortune-hunting, after all, is not a necessary end of life, and the happiest people in the world, perhaps, are those whose fewness of needs is their wealth. There have always been two ways of becoming well-off—to increase one's income or to lessen one's wants. The first method is not always possible; the second generally is. Many young men have tried the former plan, and failed. Necessity turns them to the latter. Those who go abroad for this purpose have to endure all sorts of real hardship, and often have to toil like galley-slaves. Yet half the effort spent by a man on the lonely prairie-lands of Manitoba or in the dreary shepherd life of the Australian "farms," would be enough to procure him a decent living in a simple but civilised way at home. And if it is quite proper to bake one's own "damper" in the Queensland bush, it cannot be less honourable to boil one's own potatoes in Perthshire.

No doubt as to the possibility of obtaining cottage room can exist in the mind of anyone who has visited the Highland villages, and has seen the depopulation of them that is going on. The young men there are making the mistake of seeking to amass fortunes, instead of enjoying the simple, honest life of their fathers; and they are crowding in to the cities to degenerate into pale-faced clerks and puny shopkeepers. Why should not our middle-class young men take the place of these, instead of rushing off to become, so many of them, policemen at the Cape or bar-keepers in Melbourne? Means of living remain yet in plenty in this country for those who will seek them out, and are not too proud to do honest hand-labour within a day's railway ride of London. Why are there no bee farms here as in France? And where is the flax-growing of fifty years ago? Can pigeons not be made to pay their keep now, as they used to be in the castle cotes of old? And is a rabbit warren an impossibility, except as the adjunct of a grouse moor or a deer forest? A clergyman on the Border, in the summer and autumn past, took 1000 lb. of honey from only twenty hives; and a firm in Dundee, in the spring, offered to supply the seed, and to purchase, at a rate remunerative to the farmers, the straw of 1000 acres of flax; while pigeons and rabbits are known to be the most prolific and easily-reared animals in demand for the table. There are trades yet, therefore, into which no limited liability company has rushed, to lose its own money and take away the living of others. It is for the young man who would be independent and yet stay within a day's post of home, to find out these, and to put them in practice. Only let him be content to live simply, and he may be as happy as a millionaire on the produce of the soil his own spade turns.

Let him come into such a simple resting-place as the little cottage-parlour here, hug round with a few inexpensive etchings, and such decorations as a fishing-rod, a fowling-piece, a pair of foils, and a West Indian bow and arrows; and, with the curtains drawn, the winter-screen covering the door, and the lamp and firelight shining warmly on crimson-covered tables and honest oak chairs, he will own it is a very cosy nest indeed. Let him step into the small bed-room, with its bright wall-paper and fresh smell of lavender, and he will begin to understand how pleasant it is to retire thither after a good day's work, to blow out the candle, and sink to sleep under the soft pile of blankets till awakened by the morning sunshine streaming in at the low window. Is there not all the convenience, too, a man need want in that tiniest of dressing-rooms between bed-room and parlour? And on the other side, looking through the open door, does he think it would be any great hardship to have to light the fire in the morning in that old-fashioned kitchen with stone floor, broad hearth, and deep-set lattices?

And the rent of all this is a bagatelle.

Let him think of the health he would enjoy in such a home. Though he might have to make his own meals, and keep lamps and fires going, he would find he could do honest work and take ten times more pleasure out of it than ever he did in the city; while he need by no means experience the discomforts of banishment from civilised society, which are too often the lot of the adventurer abroad. Here he would enjoy the pleasures of *rus cum urbanitate*, and, with some real pursuit to attend to, perchance he might find his life become that simple and quiet and happy thing which Heaven meant life to be.

Here, without the disheartening influence of utter banishment, are there not, for his leisure hours, the many interests of a rural life? It might be enjoyment enough, indeed, to watch the crocus bloom and the coming of the butterfly; for simple things like these become delights in a simple life. But are there not books to read? Who has mastered all the wisdom of the ages, and how few, for all the talk about them, have tasted even the joys of Walton's "Angler" or of White's "Selborne"? There are many arts and sciences to learn—music, language, botany—without the damping thought of the backwoodsman that his culture may never have a sphere to shine in. And, best interest of all, for those who have the will and the brains, there are the poor to help, to show the way to use and happiness. Always for men in the secluded nooks of a civilised country there are possible the enjoyment of beauty, the pursuit of truth, and the winning of love, with the practice of

Clarity that in her gentle self
Summeth all virtue, as a gem all light.

In the retirement of a quiet life character deepens and takes form; for a man has time to think, and there are many things to reflect on—life and death, and the motives of life—and busy people are compelled to pass them by. Far from the smoke of the city, too, by seashore and in Highland glen, the blood grows pure and the race grows strong. And assuredly depth and strength of character, and stamina of physique are the growing wants of Britain in these days of political enfranchisement and of crowded cities. Well, therefore, would it be if part of the stream of young men that is flowing to be lost abroad could be turned back to fill the exhausted channels of rural life at home.

G. E.-T.

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A CABINET COUNCIL AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE.

READING ALOUD.

If there be one accomplishment that contributes more than another to family enjoyment, especially in the winter evenings, it is the art of reading, and yet there is no accomplishment more neglected. The average English girl can play fairly well upon the piano, and perhaps sing. Her drawing, too, is sufficiently good to please friends, though it might not please Mr. Ruskin; but she does not know how to read. Boys who have been to public schools are equally deficient in this respect. Ask them to read a fine passage in Shakespeare or in Milton, or one of Lamb's delightful essays, and in nine cases out of ten the failure will be conspicuous. All the humour of Elia's prose, all the harmony and imagination of Milton's and Shakespeare's verse, seem to vanish in the process. This is not all. Men whose vocation, like that of the clergy and of lecturers, is to speak and read in public, often come to the task, so far as the voice is concerned, with as little capacity as the schoolboy. In other ways they prepare often with great labour for their duties; but if we may judge from the result, the art of speaking with force and clearness, and the art of reading intelligibly, have been totally neglected. At the request of the secretary of a literary society, I remember asking an author to deliver a lecture on a subject with which he was familiar. He spoke for an hour, his lecture was carefully composed, his facts interesting; but he read from his well-written pages as a charity-boy might read a task, and if he sent half his audience to sleep the fault was not theirs. On another occasion a friend proposed delivering a lecture upon "Mineralogy"—not a lively topic, you will say; but the lecturer knew how to speak, and knew his subject, and his address was listened to with the keenest interest.

Poets who have the finest ears for melody should be best able to read what they have written; but this is far from being always the case. Akenside read badly; and it is said of Thomson that, on reading his poetry to an excellent judge, the latter was so much provoked by his odd utterance as to snatch the paper from his hands saying that he did not understand his own verses. A similar story is told of Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd, who, when Mrs. Opie was holding one of her levees, called at that lady's house in a smock frock and, to the disgust of the footman, insisted upon admission. So Mrs. Opie was informed that a man wished to see her and would take no denial. I will leave Lucy Aiken to tell the rest of the story:—"Down she goes to investigate the matter. The rustic advances, nothing abashed. 'I am James Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd.' The poet is had up into the drawing-room, smock-frock and all, and introduced to everybody. Presently he pulls out a paper—some verses which he had written that morning and would read, if agreeable. With a horrible Scotch accent and charity-boy twang he got through some staves, nobody understanding a line. 'Mr. Hogg,' says Mrs. Opie, 'I think, if you will excuse me, I could do more justice to your verses than yourself.' So she takes them from him and with her charming delivery causes them to be voted very pretty." Coleridge, the most musical of poets, if we are to believe De Quincey, had neither voice nor management of voice, and therefore could not read poetry; and Wordsworth, when reciting his own verses ("Catch him," said Professor Wilson, "ever reciting any other!"), was more emphatic than effective as an elocutionist.

The value of this accomplishment in society can scarcely be exaggerated. The art of living is not an easy one, and perhaps half the small worries of life, and not a few of the faults we commit, are due to dullness and to the want of that

"sweetness and light" which Swift, long before Mr. Matthew Arnold, discovered to be necessary. Every gift, therefore, that makes the home brighter and the circle of a man's friends more lively is a gift to be cultivated. It is needless to say how welcome people are at our houses who can sing and play well; but reading aloud, if a man or woman be a gifted reader, may afford as much pleasure. Of this there has been of late a growing consciousness, and many an "At Home" is now made agreeable by a reading or recitation.

In reading aloud, one of the prime requisites is an appreciation and thorough understanding of what you are reading. The more the reader is in touch with his author the better; and the most finished master of the art is sure partially to fail when reading what he dislikes or only half comprehends. It will be obvious, however, from the instances already given, that the warmest appreciation of a book may be combined with an incapacity to read it. Dr. Priestley relates that he had often heard Marmontel read his tales, and that his action was so violent he was afraid of sitting near him. A naturally clear and musical voice is a great gift, and is the secret of much oratorical success. When Sir Joshua Reynolds ended his famous lectures, Burke went up to him and said, in the words of Milton—

The Angel ended, and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice, that he a while
Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd to hear.

This is the effect of all oratory when "seasoned with a gracious voice"; but it is possible for a man to read well and speak well even when not especially favoured in this respect. Art will overcome many deficiencies of Nature, and the most defective organ may be improved. Demosthenes, we know, had a bad and even lisping voice, shortness of breath, nervousness, and ungraceful gesticulation, yet he so mastered these obstacles as to become the first orator of Greece. It needed in his case, indeed, the most strenuous effort; and Grote says truly, that "the energy and success with which Demosthenes overcame his defects in such a manner as to satisfy a critical assembly like the Athenians, is one of the most memorable circumstances in the general history of self-education." But what the illustrious Greek did on a large scale, surely any intelligent Englishman may do in his degree. Everybody whose knowledge is sufficient, and who is interested in what he has to say, should be able to express himself clearly; everybody who enjoys a book should be able so to read the pages as to give enjoyment to others. This is not much to ask, surely; and a really fine speaker or reader will do far more. The orator, fired by a great enthusiasm and faith, can stir his audience as the trees are swayed by a mighty wind; and the man who reads with heart and intellect, as well as with the mere voice, will give freshness and vitality to the most familiar words.—J.D.

Mr. F. E. Jelly, of Manchester Grammar School, has been elected to an open mathematical demyship, of the annual value of £80, at Magdalen College, Oxford.

Messrs. Alfred East, R.I., J. R. Weguelin, Frank Dadd, R.I., R. W. Allan, R.W.S., G. F. Wetherbee, R.I., Adrian Stokes, Alexander Harrison, and S. Melton Fisher have been elected members of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours.

The Board of Trade have awarded a binocular glass to Captain J. Rousseau, master of the French barque Indien, of Marseilles, in recognition of his kindness and humanity to the shipwrecked crew of the barque Syren, of Aberystwith, which foundered at sea on Nov. 13, 1887.

THE CABINET COUNCIL.

Our large Engraving shows the members of the present Cabinet, seated in the places they usually occupy at their deliberations on Government policy, in Lord Salisbury's private room at the Foreign Office. They are the following noblemen and gentlemen:—

The Marquis of Salisbury (the Right Hon. Sir Robert Arthur Talbot Gascoigne-Cecil), K.G., Prime Minister and Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

The Right Hon. William Henry Smith, M.P. for the Strand, First Lord of the Treasury, Leader of the House of Commons.

The Right Hon. George Joachim Goschen, M.P. for St. George's, Hanover-square, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The Right Hon. Henry Matthews, M.P. for East Birmingham, Secretary of State for the Home Department.

Viscount Cross (the Right Hon. Sir Richard Assheton Cross, G.C.B.), Secretary of State for India.

Baron Stanley of Preston (Colonel Sir Frederick Arthur Stanley, G.C.B.), President of the Board of Trade.

Sir Henry Thurston Holland, Bart., M.P. for Hampstead, Secretary of State for the Colonies.

The Right Hon. Lord George Hamilton, M.P. for the Ealing Division of Middlesex, First Lord of the Admiralty.

The Right Hon. Edward Stanhope, M.P. for the Horncastle Division of Lincolnshire, Secretary of State for War.

The Right Hon. Lord John Manners, G.C.B., M.P. for the Melton Division of Leicestershire, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.

Viscount Cranbrook (Gathorne Hardy, G.C.S.I.), Lord President of the Privy Council.

The Right Hon. Arthur James Balfour, M.P. for East Manchester, Chief Secretary to the Government of Ireland.

The Earl of Cadogan (George Henry Cadogan), Lord Privy Seal.

Baron Halsbury (Sir Hardinge Stanley Giffard), Lord High Chancellor of England.

Baron Ashbourne (Edward Gibson), Lord Chancellor of Ireland.

The Right Hon. Charles Thomson Ritchie, M.P. for the Tower Hamlets, President of the Local Government Board.

The Oxford and Cambridge Boat-race has been fixed to be rowed on Saturday, March 24.

The Dean and Chapter of Manchester Cathedral have presented two plots of vacant land, about ten acres in extent, to the township of Newton-heath, a suburb of that city, in order that they may be converted into public recreation-grounds. The value of the land is said to be not less than £16,000.

The French Government have, through her Majesty's Foreign Office, given their consent to the offer, by the M'Neill committee, of a reward of 5000fr. for any information leading to the conviction of the murderer or murderers of the late Mr. Archibald M'Neill. The money has been placed in the hands of Messrs. Rothschild, whose Paris house will be responsible for its payment.

The committee appointed by the Queen to advise her Majesty as to the disposal of the surplus of the Women's Jubilee Fund are desirous of receiving information from all the various institutions for nursing the sick poor in their own homes throughout the United Kingdom. It is requested that reports and other information should be forwarded to Grosvenor House, addressed to the secretary of the Duke of Westminster.

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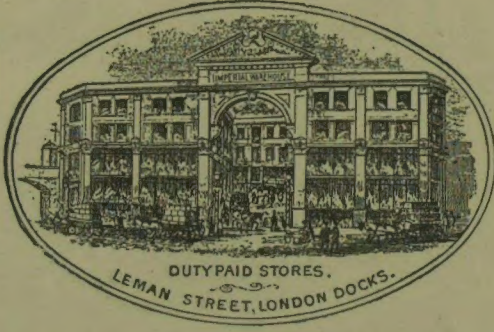
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Then the beautiful rose raised its sweet-tinted head, And the violet crept from its bed; The jessamine, sweetbrier, lavender, too, Their fragrance around her now shed. "Now list," said fair Flora; and waving her hand, A change came around that fair scene: For, bubbling aloft from a fountain of flowers, Came gushing the sweet "FLORILINE."

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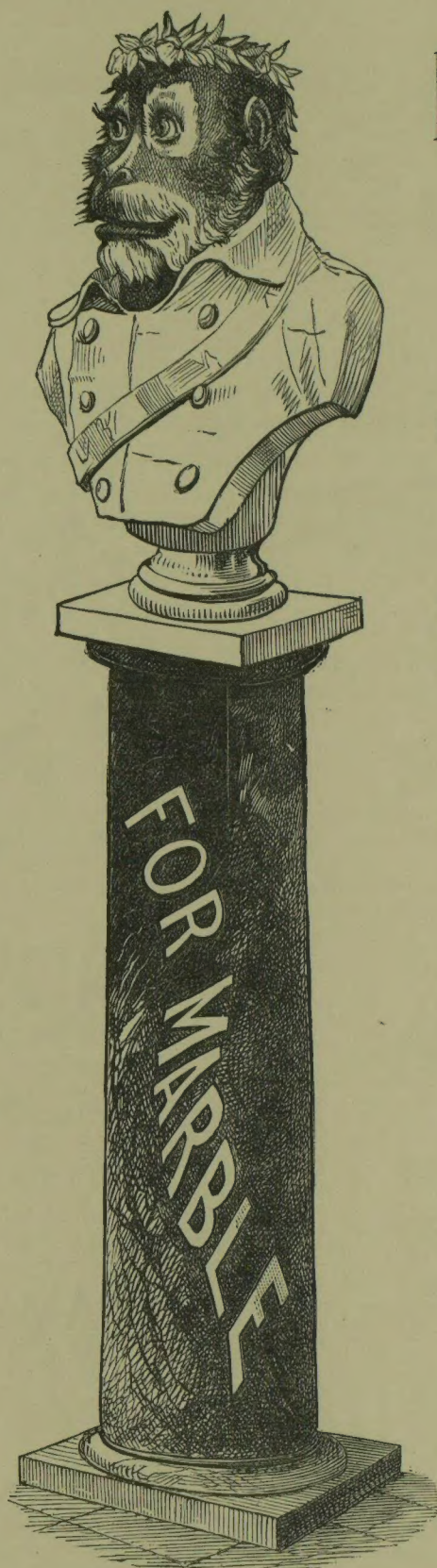
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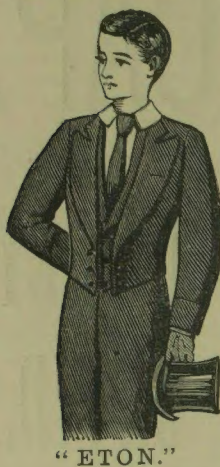
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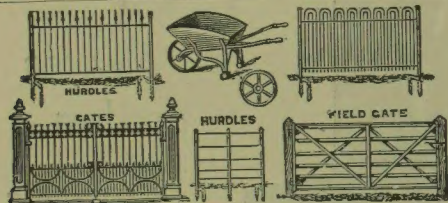
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